

No 378

Dec. 27th 1912

5^{Week}ly

FAME AND FORTUNE

THE MONEY

STORIES OF

ear 1912, in the office of the
St., New York.

BOYS WHO MAKE A

Price 5 Cents.

IN THE MONEY GAME OR THE LUCK OF TWO WALL ST. LUMS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self



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At that moment the door opened and big Mike, the janitor of the building, entered the office bearing the unconscious Fred in his arms. Nellie, Bert and the bookkeeper sprang from their desks and rushed forward with ejaculations of consternation.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 378.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1912.

Price 5 Cents.

IN THE MONEY GAME

OR,

THE LUCK OF TWO WALL ST. CHUMS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

IN THE MONEY GAME.

"Hello! What are you looking so glum about?" asked Fred Bassett of his chum, Bert Rowe, one Saturday noon in Wall Street.

"Nothing much. My boss discovered I had bought 50 shares of D. & P. on margin a week ago, and he politely told me that my valuable services were no longer needed in the office."

"Fired, eh?" grinned Fred.

"Good and proper; but you needn't grin about it. Some day your boss will find out that you are speculating, too, and then you'll get it yourself."

"Shake!" said Fred, holding out his hand.

"What for?"

"Misery loves company."

"What do you mean?"

"I've just been bounced myself."

"No!" exclaimed Bert, incredulously.

"Yes," said Fred, with a confirmatory nod.

"What for?"

"Same reason as yourself."

"Speculating?"

"Pre-cisely. Somebody put him on to me, and he lost no time in giving me the razoo."

"Well, I'll be jiggered! What are you going to do?"

"I was going to ask you the same question."

"Look for another job, I suppose."

"Expect to get it without a recommendation?"

"That's what's bothering me."

"Care killed the cat. Cut it out. Look cheerful. Observe my serene countenance. We're both in the same boat—out of a job. What's the odds? We've got \$500 apiece deposited as security on our deal. We bought D. & P. at 75. It closed to-day at 85. Balance in our favor, ten points. That means we've doubled our money. We're practically worth \$1,000 each. I'm going to cash in. I advise you to do the same. The stock will be sold first thing Monday morning, then we'll be flush."

"But I'll feel like a fish out of water without a job."

"I've a proposal to make to you."

"What is it?"

"We'll combine our funds and go into the money game as a regular business. We've done pretty well at it while working for our respected employers. We ought to do better with nothing else to occupy our minds. What do you say?"

"Who'll hold the money?"

"I will. As an expert financier I am the goods."

"Where do I come in?"

"You'll be the junior partner."

"I'm as old as you."

"Granted; but I have the bean. Observe my expanding forehead. That tells the story in a nutshell. You are my chum. That's why I am going to let you in with me. United we'll stand; divided—you won't be in it."

"I won't?"

"Not so you could notice it."

"You've got a nerve."

"That's one of my chief assets. Well, do we double up or don't we?"

"I'm willing, but I don't want to be a silent partner. I want to have some say."

"Of course. You can say all you want."

"Suppose we don't agree on some business matter, will you go ahead anyhow?"

"Certainly not. I won't put up a cent of our capital without your consent."

"Then I'm on."

"Put it there, pard."

The boys ratified their agreement with a hand-shake, and from that moment they were in the money game, hit or miss.

"Now let's go up to the little bank before business is closed down and order our stock sold," said Fred.

To the little bank on Nassau street they accordingly went.

They reached the bank just in time to transact their business before the place closed down for the week.

"What shall we call the firm?" asked Bert when they came out.

"Bassett & Rowe, speculators."

"Boy speculators."

"Of course."

"When I tell my mother I've lost my job she'll go for me, scalp."

"There is no need to tell her. We'll both hand in our pay every Saturday just as if we were working. If we are lucky, and make a bunch of money, then we can break the news at home and it will be all right."

"I didn't think of that. As long as I turn in the coin every week she'll suppose I'm still on the job, and things will go on smoothly."

"That's the idea, exactly. Now, what shall we do with ourselves this afternoon?"

They decided to go home first and hand their pay over to their mothers.

They both lived on the same block on one of the East Side streets, for their widowed mothers were obliged to economize on the rent question in order to make things meet.

Fred's mother was a dressmaker, and was doing very well at it, though she had to work cheap, as all her customers were persons in moderate circumstances.

Bert's mother added to the income her son turned in by running a small store, her stock in trade consisting of newspapers and periodicals, stationery, candy and a miscellaneous stock of a hundred other things.

She and her son lived in three rooms behind the store, on the ground floor of a big tenement, and were very well known in the neighborhood, for they had lived in the same place a good many years.

The boys had attended the same school, grown up from little chaps together, and finally got messenger positions in Wall Street about the same time.

On Monday morning Fred and Bert met as usual and went down to Wall Street together.

On this occasion they took their time, walking instead of going by a Second Avenue train, for they had lots of time.

Indeed, they had all day before them.

It was the first day in two years, barring Sundays and holidays, that they felt themselves to be young gents of leisure.

The sensation was unusual to them and they hardly knew how to get accustomed to it.

The fact that they had agreed to go into the money game in preference to looking up positions as messengers had little bearing as yet on the situation.

The idea was more of an experiment than anything else.

The money game, as Bob called it, was the most risky venture they could have hit upon to devote their energies to.

Any level-headed adviser would have told them they were a couple of fools to embark in such a thing.

The fact that they had been so fortunate as to accumulate a thousand dollars apiece speculating while they attended to their legitimate duties was no sign that they would do better on their own hook, or even half as well.

Rather were the chances ten to one that their capital would quickly melt away in the stock market maelstrom and leave them at the end of a few weeks flat broke.

Forty-nine men out of fifty, acquainted with Wall Street, would have told them flatly to put their money in a savings bank and hustle for fresh jobs.

Had they received such advice and acted on it this story would not have been written.

There is a tide in the affairs of boys, as well as men, which if taken at the flood leads on to good luck.

These two boys simply blundered into this tide because they were unwise enough to think they could do what common sense indicated they could not do.

They hit it by sheer good fortune, and we hope, by stating this fact, that no boy who reads this true narrative of Wall Street will undertake to imitate their example.

Because a boy happens to fall off a five-story house, hits an awning that deflects him into a cartful of sawdust, out of which he rises smiling and unhurt, is no reason why another boy, experiencing a similar fall, should get off so easily.

Fred and Bert reached Wall Street in due course.

They felt lonesome when they looked around their stamping-grounds and saw several messenger boys out on their early errands.

They had often pictured to themselves the delight of being their own bosses, so far as the control of their own movements were concerned, but now that their time was at their own disposal, and they could do as they pleased, somehow or another the feeling of satisfaction was missing, even though they knew they were each worth \$1,000, or would be when their D. & P. stock had been sold that morning.

They stood for a while on the corner of Nassau street, in the shadow of the Sub-Treasury Building, then strolled down Broad street, past the Stock Exchange.

Reaching Beaver street, they turned to retrace their steps.

A man, rushing around the corner, dashed against them, sending Fred staggering several feet away and upsetting Bert altogether.

As the man ran across the street without stopping to apologize, Fred heard the shout of, "Stop thief!"

CHAPTER II.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE.

Fred, taking his cue from the shout which was repeated several times, attracting general attention, darted after the man in full chase.

The chap had something of a start of him, and was making good speed.

The ex-messenger, however, was right in his element when it came to sprinting, and he began to gain on the fugitive.

The man skirted the roped-off enclosure which had just been placed in position for the use of the Curb brokers, none of whom had as yet arrived, and flew down Exchange place.

He did not look behind, probably for fear of attracting additional attention to himself, until he reached Hanover street, when he saw he was being chased by a boy, with other pursuers some distance behind.

He put on a spurt and reached Pearl street, in which he turned, with Fred close behind him.

Pearl street is rather narrow, and runs in the shape of a bow.

It is lined with wholesale houses, and in the busy part of the day is not easy to make speed on, either along the sidewalks or in the street.

It was fairly busy when the fugitive dashed into it.

There were trucks backed up against raised platforms where skids blocked the progress of pedestrians, and there were many wagons threading their slow progress up and down the thoroughfare.

The man took to the street and dashed between two trucks going in opposite directions.

Fred lost him for the moment, but being an agile boy, accustomed to dodging people and vehicles, he slipped under the heads of a team of horses, calling down on his head a roar from the driver, who reined in, and spied the man just vanishing around another team in front.

The boy hustled ahead, full of the excitement of the chase.

He hadn't the slightest idea what the man had stolen, but the fellow's evident purpose of getting away, if he could, indicated he was guilty of some crime, even if it were merely petit larceny.

Indeed, the amount of the theft played no figure in Fred's mind.

Had he seen a boy rob an apple-stand and skip with his spoils he would have chased the thief just the same.

The chase led Fred into South street, fronting on the East River.

By that time all the other pursuers had been outstripped and thrown off the track.

The man found it impossible to throw Fred off, no matter how he dodged and twisted about.

Finally he ran out on one of the piers.

"I've got you now," thought the boy. "You can't escape unless you jump into the river."

On the north side of the pier lay two schooners, loading; on the south side a triple line of canal boats, those nearest the wharf unloading goods from their center hatchways.

The pier was an extra wide one, and not much crowded with merchandise, so Fred had no trouble in keeping the fugitive in sight.

He ran out toward the end of the dock, and Fred thought he was going there, though he could not see what good it was going to do him, but when half the distance out he suddenly sprang on board one of the canal boats that was idle, and from that to the next beyond, and then to the third, which lay on the outer line.

He could go no further for the river lapped the side of the boat, and a wide space lay between him and the next dock.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" muttered Fred. "I don't think you will escape me, for I have you cut off from the dock."

The Wall Street boy had also taken to the canal boats, and by the time the fugitive reached the end of his tether in that direction Fred was on the middle boat.

He was taking his time now, to recover his breath, and because there was no further need of rush.

The man had stopped, because he was blown, too, and he stood watching the boy with a wary eye.

It was quite possible for him to resume his flight by running along the deck of the boat, to the bows, and stepping on the stern of the one ahead, and so on till he had covered the four canal boats that made up the outer line, there being twelve altogether in the bunch.

Bob looked to see him do that, and that was another reason why he slowed down, for he intended to follow the man by keeping to the middle boats, thus always being between the fugitive and the pier.

The man, however, made no attempt to follow that plan. Probably he saw that the boy practically had him cornered.

He looked around the boat he was on, walked to the stern, and then disappeared around the deckhouse or cabin.

By doing this the fellow put the cabin between him and Fred, just as one might put a table in a room between him and a person trying to catch him.

If Fred chased him around the house the man would then be able to make a dash back for the pier.

If the boy didn't follow him the fellow could stay where he was.

He could dodge either way, and to that extent had the advantage of the situation.

Fred bit his lips with vexation when he saw how the case stood.

He remained at the side of the middle boat and waited to see what the man would do next.

The man apparently did nothing but keep out of sight.

He put it up to his pursuer to make the first move.

Thus matters were at a deadlock between them.

If the man chuckled from his point of temporary vantage, certain it is Fred did not follow suit.

Thus five minutes passed away.

Fred looked up and down the string of canal boats, but not a man was in sight.

Several women were in evidence, either hanging out clothes or attending to other domestic labor connected with their end of the boat.

There was nobody at all in sight on the boat Fred was on, nor on the boat where the fugitive had taken refuge.

Fred was thinking about advancing to the cabin and pounding on it to attract the attention of anybody who might be inside when suddenly the man appeared on top of the deck-house.

He walked to the edge nearest the boy, looked down at him and said, with a grin:

"What are you following me for?"

"Just to get the kinks out of my legs," replied Fred.

"Well, you'd better sheer off. I don't know you, and I don't want you hanging at my heels, understand?"

He stopped grinning and looked a bit ugly.

"Why did you run into and upset me and my friend at the corner of Beaver and Broad streets?"

"Have you been following me on account of that?"

"No. I've been following you because you've stolen something."

"Get out, you're dreaming!"

"Maybe I am, but I dare you to walk back to Broad street with me."

"What will I do that for?"

"To show that you're not afraid to face the music."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"What did you try to keep out of my way for when you saw I was after you? Why didn't you stop and ask me what I was after? Why are you keeping away from me now?" said Fred.

"What do you want with me, anyway?"

"I want you to go back to Broad street."

"You've got a nerve. I came down here on business."

"I know. Your business was to try and throw me off your track, but, you see, it didn't work."

"I want you to get away from here or there'll be trouble."

"Do you own this canal boat?" asked Fred, sarcastically.

"Are you going about your business?"

"Yes."

"Then go."

"I'm going about it now. I shall leave whenever you get ready to leave with me."

"One would think you were a cop," sneered the man.

"If I was I'd climb up there and get you."

"Why don't you climb up, anyway, and see if you can get me? There's a short ladder against the house. I came up that way."

"And while I was getting up you'd jump down on this side and leave me in the lurch. I didn't cut my eye-teeth yesterday."

"Who are you, anyway, and what interest have you in catching me?"

"Come down and I'll give you the whole of my family history as we walk back."

"Do you see any green in my eye?" jeered the man.

"Not at this distance, but I know you have a yellow streak."

"I've a great mind to come down and kick you into the river."

"Come on and see if you can do it."

At that moment a tug came puffing up and was in the act of passing the stern of the canal boat when the man's attention was attracted to it.

In a moment he had formed a resolution.

"I'm coming down," he said to Fred, with a shifty grin.

"You might just as well, for somebody will be along here presently who will help you down," returned the boy.

The man sprang down within a yard of Fred, then turned

suddenly, dashed toward the stern and leaped for the tug-boat.

He had calculated the distance nicely and he landed on all fours in the stern of the boat.

Fred rushed to the stern of the middle boat and looked over the few feet of water.

The fugitive was picking himself up.

He turned to the boy with a malicious grin.

"Did you ever get left?"

Just then the tug stopped, and the action of the tide swung her stern toward the canal boat.

Fred saw his chance.

He ran back several yards, turned, darted toward the stern again, took a flying leap and landed plumb against the astonished rascal, both going down in a heap on the deck of the tug, Fred on top.

"No, I never did," he said, in reply to the man's jeering remark. "At any rate, not this time."

CHAPTER III.

FRED GETS A SMALL REWARD.

Naturally a struggle took place between the two, but Fred was as strong as a small ox and as active as a monkey, and managed to hold his advantage.

Then two deck-hands, who had seen the whole of the affair, from the time the man made his leap, came up and demanded to know what had brought them aboard in that unceremonious way.

"This rascal led the way to escape me, and I followed to block him," said Fred.

"What has he done?" asked one of the men.

"I haven't done anything," replied the man. "This young imp has been following me around annoying me. I got tired of his nonsense and tried to escape him."

"Aren't you man enough to stand that boy off?" said the deck-hand.

"It doesn't look as if he was," laughed Fred.

"Let him up, young fellow, and tell us what you want with him."

Fred allowed the fugitive to arise, but at once seized him by his coat-sleeve.

"He's wanted somewhere in the financial district for theft," said Fred.

"That's a lie!" roared the man, hotly.

"If it is I'll apologize and make it all right with you, but when a chap is running away from one or more people shouting 'Stop thief!' it looks suspicious."

"Was he running away from people shouting 'Stop thief?'" asked the deck-hand.

"He certainly was. I took up the chase and followed him down to those canal boats, where he managed to stand me off. Now that I've got him I intend to call in a policeman to arbitrate the case," said Fred.

At this point the captain of the tug took a hand in the proceedings.

The case was explained to him.

"Well, you two will have to go ashore at the dock. You'll have to settle the matter between you. It's none of my business, and I don't want you aboard."

"All right, captain," said Fred. "Pull up to the dock and land us."

The tug was worked in against the spiles.

Fred clambered up, but the man held back.

"Get ashore!" bellowed the captain.

"Carry me up to the next pier, won't you?" asked the man.

"Get ashore, I tell you."

As the man made no move to obey, the captain ordered his men to pitch him on the pier.

He was fired up, bodily, which gave Fred a fine chance to fasten on him.

While the fellow lay floundering on the boards, Fred straddled his back, drew his arms together and tied them with his handkerchief.

"Now get up. If you were not guilty of some criminal act you wouldn't have run away and given me all this trouble. Now you'll go to a police station under suspicion," said Fred.

The man got up, but refused to budge from the spot.

A couple of longshoremen came over to see what the trouble was about.

Fred put his difficulty up to them.

They didn't want to interfere, but said they would go as far as the street and look for the policeman on that post.

Half-way up the dock they met the day watchman, told him

what they had learned from Fred, and he came down to investigate.

He heard Fred's side of the question and the man's general denial.

"If you haven't done anything wrong, why don't you go with the boy?" said the watchman.

"Why should I? It will be out of my way to go where he wants me to. The whole thing is an outrage, and I demand that you release my arms. I'm not going through the streets this way."

"Come up to the head of the dock and I'll see what can be done for you."

The watchman started off and Fred told the man to get a move on him.

He refused, however, and deliberately sat down on a string-piece.

"All right," said the boy. "I can wait here as long as you can."

The watchman went to the little house at the entrance to the pier and telephoned the nearest station-house for a policeman.

In due time one arrived and the watchman told him about the case and then sent him down to the other end of the pier to interview the parties himself.

The alleged thief saw the officer coming and, turning to Fred, said:

"Look here, young fellow, what'll you take to call this thing off?"

"I'm not taking bribes," replied Fred. "If you're not guilty of anything wrong you needn't be afraid of facing the music. You could have settled the matter an hour ago as well as now—in fact much better, for by offering the resistance you have you have made me certain of your guilt."

"Won't you take \$10 and let me go?"

"No, I wouldn't take \$100."

"You'll regret it," said the man, darkly.

"Maybe I will, but I doubt it."

Finding he could do nothing with the boy he relapsed into sullen silence.

In a few minutes the policeman came up to them.

Fred told his story to the officer.

"What have you to say?" the policeman asked the man.

"Nothing, except it's all a mistake on this boy's part."

"I'm ready to go to the station-house, officer, and back up my charge against this man. If he can prove he is innocent I am willing to stand the consequences," said Fred.

The officer thought that was fair enough, so he told the prisoner he'd have to go along, whether he liked it or not.

He released the fellow's arms and the three marched to the station.

It happened that the desk sergeants of all the downtown station-houses had received word that a man, whose description was given, had stolen a package of bills, amounting to \$1,000, from an office on New street, an hour and a half before, and detectives were out looking for the guilty party.

When Fred told his story, the sergeant questioned the man pretty closely.

Feeling satisfied he was the party wanted, he ordered the chap to be locked up, and telephoned the arrest of a suspect to the office that had been robbed, asking that somebody be sent to the station-house to identify the man.

Fred left his address and then went up to the little bank, where he found Bert watching the blackboard and waiting for him to turn up.

"Where have you been all this time?" Bert asked.

"You know I started after the fellow that upset you."

"Yes. I followed, too, as soon as I got up, but when I and the rest of the bunch reached Pearl street you and the man were not in sight. How far did you follow him?"

Fred told him all that happened.

"So you cornered the man and got him taken to the station-house and locked up?"

"Yes."

"Did the police find anything on him when they searched him?"

"I couldn't tell you. He was searched in another room."

"Well, let's go to lunch."

They started for their favorite quick-lunch house together.

"I see D. & P. is up to 86 3-8."

"Yes. It has held its own and advanced nearly a point and a half since the Exchange opened. If we'd held on we'd have made \$75 more."

"I think it's bad policy to hold out for the last dollar, as so many of the lambs do. We've doubled our money, and we ought to feel satisfied."

"I'm not kicking," said Bert.

The boys returned to the little bank and spent the afternoon there.

The evening papers had the story of the theft, and the arrest of the man on whose person the package of money had been found.

Fred's name was printed, and he received the credit for the capture of the man.

Next morning a letter was left for him at his home.

It was from the firm that had been robbed, thanking him for his services in the matter and inclosing him a check to his order for \$100.

"That's pretty good pay for a couple of hours' time," he thought. "I wouldn't mind gathering that much in every day. I'd soon be well off."

He endorsed the check and presented it to his mother, after telling her how he had come by it.

"That will be a great help to me, Fred," she said, "though at present I'm doing very well at my business, but many of my customers are poor, and I have to wait some time for my money, and from others I have to take it in instalments, which isn't like receiving it all at once when the work is done. I have a great many debts on my books, though I believe the money in most cases is good."

"I suppose you have to trust people in this neighborhood or you would get but few customers," replied Fred.

"That is true. Everybody seems to buy things on the instalment plan where they can get them that way."

"It's an expensive way, for the dealers charge at least ten per cent. more on running accounts."

"Yes, but poor people never would have anything if they had to pay cash down for it."

"I know, because they wouldn't save and put the money aside in advance and thus save the added ten per cent. They can always manage to scrape their weekly payments together, unless they fall into unexpected hard luck, because they know if they default the dealer can come down on them and take the goods away, no matter if they have paid nearly all that is owing on their contract. I tell you, mother, cash talks every time. When you have the money in your pocket to pay down you can always get the lowest price, and dealers will run after your trade."

When Fred met Bert a little later he told him about the check.

"You're lucky," said his chum. "It would have taken you three months to earn that much if you had remained old Butler's messenger."

"I guess it would. That is where the loss of my job has put me ahead."

"I wish some one would throw \$100 in my way."

"I gave the money to my mother."

"What, the whole of it?"

"Yes. She needs it in her business."

"I thought she was making a good thing out of the dress-making."

"She's doing very well, but she has to trust most of her customers and take her pay as they can afford to give it. I generally go on a collecting tour every two weeks to stir up some of the tardy ones. If my mother could get in all that's owing to her at this moment she'd have quite a bunch of the long green."

"Does she have many bad debts?"

"Not many. When one of her customers moves away I have to look them up and frequently dun them for weeks to get the money out of them. You have heard people say that it's cheaper to move than pay rent. They mean debts. A whole lot of people move in order to get out of paying the accounts that have accumulated against them. Storekeepers have been bitten so often that they have become wary who they trust these days. Tenement people, who have so little personal property that they can move at very short notice, find it difficult now to run up a bill. A smooth talker, who can throw a good bluff, has the best chance."

By that time the boys had reached the little bank and they went in and got front seats, as only a small portion of the regular habitues had as yet arrived.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEGINNING OF THEIR LUCK.

After the Exchange opened and the quotations began coming in there was a noticeable sagging in D. & P.

"You see," said Fred, "we didn't get out any too quickly. We might have made \$100 more each, but it would have been taking extra chances. The stock is dropping now, and there is a

rush to sell out which will knock it down still further. We are out of it and don't have to worry about where the price goes."

"This is kind of slow. I'm going out to shake a leg," said Bert.

"Go on. I'll meet you at lunch at twelve-thirty."

So Bert left his chum in the little bank and started down Broad street.

He went in at the messengers' entrance of the Exchange because he was accustomed to go in that way a dozen times a day, and he felt at home there.

He met two or three chaps he knew well, and they supposed he was still working for Broker Crane.

He did not tell them that he was a lad of leisure.

Coming out on the street again he walked over to the Curb Exchange and hung around there a while.

He was interested for a while and then he got tired and wondered where he would go next.

He saw a friend of his enter one of the office buildings and he chased after him to exchange a few words, but he lost the boy in the crowd going in and out.

He jumped into an elevator from force of habit and went up with it.

When it stopped at the fourth floor to let a couple of men out he got out, too, and made a bluff that he was on an errand.

He went into the office of Jackson & Small, and asked for Jackson.

He knew the broker wasn't in, for he had seen him over at the Exchange.

One of the clerks told him the senior partner was out.

"You can leave your message with me," he said.

"Got to see Mr. Jackson personally," said Bert, as the only way he could get out of it.

"Sit down and wait, then. He is liable to be in any moment."

Bert sat down long enough for the clerk to retire to the counting-room and then started for the door.

As he stepped out into the corridor the door of the firm's private room opened and Small let out an important customer of the firm.

"Lose no time in getting onto the job, Small," said the visitor. "Take in every share of L. & O. until you get orders to stop, and have them delivered C. O. D. at the Taylor Bank."

"We'll attend to your orders at once," said Small, wishing the caller good-by and shutting the door as the gentleman walked away.

Bert was satisfied he had got hold of a tip, and as it was close to half-past twelve he made a bee-line for the quick-lunch house he and his chum patronized.

Every seat was taken and a bunch of people were standing.

He looked around to see if Fred was waiting for him, but couldn't make him out, so he took up his position near the door to wait himself.

Five minutes later Fred appeared and Bert caught him by the arm.

"Full house, I see," said Fred.

"What else do you expect at this hour?"

"There's a couple of chairs just vacated at the counter. Come on before somebody else freezes on to them."

They ordered stew, coffee and pie.

"Where have you been?" asked Fred.

"Several places—the Hancock Building last."

"What took you in there?"

"Luck, I guess."

"Luck!"

"Yes. I picked up a good tip there."

"What was it?"

"I'll tell you when we get outside."

Ten minutes afterward they were on the street and Bert was informing his chum about the pointer on L. & O.

"Looks like a good thing, Fred. I'm in favor of getting in on it for our first deal," said Bert.

"I agree with you. As soon as we collect what is coming to us I'll buy 200 L. & O. We ought to double our capital," said Fred.

"That will be great. As good as two years and a half wages as messengers for each of us. I guess we made no mistake in getting into the money game."

"We can tell better by our general average of results than by a single fortunate deal."

When they went home that afternoon they were in on L. & O., which they had bought at 60.

They were proceeding up Nassau street when three tele-

graph messenger boys, rushing in a boisterous way out of the American Tract Society Building, pushed Bert into the gutter.

He went down in a sitting posture, while the boys gave him the laugh and ran off down the street, punching at each other.

As Bert, who was a bit mad over the incident, started to get up he saw something sparkling against the curbstone.

He picked it up and looked at it curiously.

"What have you got there?" asked Fred.

"I should say it's a watch-charm, covered with real or imitation diamonds," replied his chum.

"They seem to be real ones to me," said Fred, examining it. "I should say that you've found a prize package."

"Then I'm willing to forgive those chaps for their rough-house business. Let us go to some jeweler and have him estimate the value of this charm."

Fred was willing to accompany him, so they turned back as far as John street and entered one of the establishments on that street.

The clerk who came forward looked the charm over and asked Bert if it was his property.

"I found it on the street and I want to get a line on what it is worth," replied the boy.

The clerk took it to the back of the store and showed it to another man.

When he came back he said the charm was a valuable one, worth fully \$300 at retail.

"You had better watch the newspapers and see if it's advertised for. In that way you may be able to restore it to the owner, who will doubtless be willing to pay a handsome reward to get it back," he said. "Where did you find it?"

Bert declined to say where he had picked it up.

"I'll watch the papers, as you have suggested, and if nothing comes of that I will advertise it."

"I would," said the clerk. "The ——— is the best paper for that."

The boys walked out of the store.

"You should not have told him you were going to advertise it," said Fred.

"Why not?"

"He has a full description of it now, and he could get a friend to watch for your advertisement in the paper he suggested, answer the advertisement and claim the charm. He would be able to furnish a pretty accurate description of the charm and get possession of it for a reward of \$25 or \$50. In fact, he would not be bound to pay you any reward. The owner of a lost article has the undisputed right to regain it if he can prove, with reasonable accuracy, that the property is his. People make a business of answering all advertisements of found property on the chance of buncoing the finder," said Fred.

"How could a person not the owner describe this charm?" asked Fred.

"He'd make a guess at it, would probably not come within a mile, and you would tell him the property was not his. He'd agree that it wasn't, then, and would try to talk you into showing it to him. Then he'd thank you and go away. Next day you'd get a reply from a confederate who, provided with the description supplied to him by the first swindler, would be able to identify it to your satisfaction. There is no scheme you can think of that isn't worked in this town by people who try to live by their wits instead of doing an honest day's work."

"I guess I'd better not advertise this charm, then."

"You could advertise it, but you should make sure that the claimant who described it correctly was a responsible person, or had responsible connections who would guarantee them. I should advise you to watch the papers for several days before you think of advertising it."

"That's what I intend to do," said Bert, as they started up Nassau street again.

On the following morning the charm was advertised for and \$100 reward was offered for its return by a tenant of the American Tract Society Building.

The boys called there on their way downtown, but the gentleman, whose name was Brown, had not yet reached his office, so they waited.

He came in inside of half an hour, and Bert was shown into his private room.

"My name is Bert Rowe. I came in reply to your advertisement. I found the locket which you lost. As you practically describe it in your advertisement, there is nothing for me to do but hand it over to you. Here it is," and Bert laid it on his desk.

"I am much obliged to you for bringing it back. I will

write you a check for the amount of the reward," said Mr. Brown.

This he did at once, and Bert departed \$100 richer.

"You have nothing on me now, Fred," he said. "This check balances the one you got for capturing the crook. I'll follow your example and give the money to my mother. She needs it, and it will give her quite a lift."

They walked down Nassau street and went into the little bank.

Nothing happened of any importance that day and they went home at four.

On Friday, L. & O. went up half a point, and another half a point on the following day.

During the following week the stock gradually advanced to 70.

"We made no mistake getting in on this," said Bert.

"Apparently not, but we can't expect to have such luck right along. Tips that are winners are not flying around the Street. You caught this one by a lucky accident. We must make all we can out of it," said Fred.

On Monday the stock advanced three points more and on Tuesday it jumped five.

Its phenomenal rise made it the feature of the Exchange and there was great excitement over it.

The brokers bought and sold it themselves on two or three point margins of profit.

Few of them would take chances of holding it very long at its advanced price, for everybody knew it was inflated above its real worth.

The price was liable to go to pieces at any moment.

On Wednesday, when it was up to about 81, Bert was standing near the Exchange and overheard a bunch of traders talking about it.

They said that a lot of people were going to burn their fingers with it.

"I expect to see the stock go to smash any minute now," said one of them. "I am surprised it has held up so long. I doubt if the insiders are holding on for a higher figure. The interests back of it have probably already sold out and the moment a raid is made on the stock it will be good-night."

Bert hurried back to the little bank where he had left Fred, and told him what he had heard about L. & O.

"I think we had better sell, don't you?" he said.

"I sold out ten minutes ago," replied Fred.

"Good! We're safe, then?"

"Yes, I guess we are by this time. We'll clear \$4,000. That's a whole lot better than working for Butler and Crane."

"Bet your life it is," said Bert, in a jubilant tone.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT BURGLARS.

L. & O. didn't go to pieces so soon as the knowing ones expected it would.

On the contrary, it went up to 83 that day, and the Exchange went howling mad over it.

"If we'd have held on we'd have made \$400 more," said Bert, as he and Fred noted the closing quotation that day.

"That's true enough, but I think we took pretty desperate chances holding on as long as we did. It isn't often a stock, and particularly such a stock as L. & O., goes up 23 points. It must have tremendous backing. It's had the Exchange by the ears for more than a week, and the outside speculators have gone dozey over it. It might drop without a crash. Just slow enough to keep up the interest in it, and the market from being disturbed," said Fred.

"We ought to get our money now."

"It's ready for us, I guess. I'm going to take a certificate of deposit instead of the cash. It's much safer to carry around. By and by we can rent a safe-deposit box and put our money in it. No need of rush about that. Luck might go against us and we wouldn't have enough cash left to put in the box."

Fred went to the window and asked for his statement, for the chums did business in his name, and he got it.

"It's all right," he said, looking it over. "Give me a certificate of deposit for the amount."

He got it and they went home.

That evening the two chums treated themselves to the theater.

They took in a show at one of the uptown Broadway houses. After the performance they went to a restaurant and had a light supper, after which they started for home.

They walked eastward along one of the side streets to connect with a Third avenue train downtown.

The street was lined on both sides with tall brownstone fronts, inhabited by the better class of people, and was silent and deserted at that hour save for occasional pedestrians, like themselves, who were out late.

It was after twelve, an hour when good people are generally in bed enjoying their first sleep.

You wouldn't think it was late around Times Square and the theater district.

There life seemed to be at its flood.

That neighborhood was all ablaze with electric lights, the sidewalks full of people of both sexes walking toward the four cardinal and many minor points of the compass, while street-cars and taxicabs made the streets sonorous with sound and as full of action as the busiest hour of broad day.

The Great White Way is always at its best and brightest around midnight, that is why the live New Yorker gets homesick away from good old Manhattan Island.

The two chums left all this behind them when they started for the East Side elevated.

They were not sufficiently interested in the gay light life in New York to hang around the maelstrom of gilded pleasure.

They were in the middle of a block between Sixth and Fifth avenues when a third-story window was suddenly thrown up and the startling cry of, "Help—murder!" echoed on the silent night air.

They came to a stop in front of the house.

"What's the trouble?" Fred shouted back.

"Thieves in the house. Run for the police!" cried the excited woman, who appeared to be a servant.

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before she was suddenly pulled back out of sight and the window was slammed down to the accompaniment of a muffled shriek.

Where to find a policeman in time to head off the thieves, if thieves there really were in the house, was a problem to the boys.

It was a long block, and even if they separated and started for each corner the crooks would have plenty of time to make their escape.

"What shall we do?" asked Bert. "Where will we find a cop?"

"I wonder how the rascals got in?" said Fred. "Run up and try the front door. I'll try the area gate."

The area windows were protected by iron bars which showed no signs of having been tampered with.

The lock of the gate opening on the space under the stoop had been picked and stood slightly ajar.

That was evidence that burglars had entered the house.

Fred pushed the gate open and tried the door.

It yielded to his touch for the key had been reached and the bolt withdrawn by means of the customary method of boring circular holes near the lock and then sawing out a round hole large enough to enable the operator to insert his arm so that he could reach the key and bolt.

Fred stepped out in the area and called to his chum.

"The front door is locked," said Bert.

"Come down here," said Fred.

Bert hastened to join him.

"Here is where they entered. I am assuming there was more than one in the job," said Bert. "I am going into the house. You must come with me."

"What are we to do, try to capture them? Seems to me we shall be taking considerable risk, for it's likely those men are armed while we haven't even a toothpick," said Bert.

"We must try and block their escape some way. We ought to find something in the kitchen that will answer for a weapon."

Judging that the basement hall would take them to the kitchen, they followed it back, and a door admitted them to the cooking quarters.

Fred lighted the gas and they soon found a rolling-pin and a potato-masher, either of which was a formidable weapon at close quarters when wielded by a determined arm.

They then took their way up the basement stairs to the parlor floor, walking as softly as they could.

They heard the voice of a man on the floor above telling his companion to shoulder his bag and come on.

"They're coming down," said Bert.

"Let them come. They won't see us in the gloom if we crouch near the floor," said Fred. "I'll take the chap in advance and you tackle the other. The only effective way is to crack them on the head, and you want to make certain of the blow so as not to give them any chance to draw a revolver on us."

The men were now coming down the stairs and the two chums lay in wait for them.

Each of the fellows had a fat bag of plunder with him.

They reached the foot of the stairs and started for the basement flight when the boys rose suddenly, like ghostly figures in the gloom, and—whack!

The rascals dropped, both badly stunned.

Seeing that not a move came from them, Fred was satisfied they had been knocked out for the time being.

He lit a match and examined their faces.

The countenances of both were smoothly shaven and hard.

Fred felt in their hip-pockets and found a revolver in each.

He took possession of one and handed the other to Bert.

Then he lit the hall gas-jet.

"You keep watch on them, Bert, while I look around and see if there's a telephone in the house," he said.

He opened the nearest door and found himself looking into a well-furnished parlor.

He entered and walked through, using a match to light his way.

The parlor consisted of one long room divided from the library or back parlor by flowing curtains.

There were a couple of bookcases in the back room, and a closed desk beside a window.

Between one of the bookcases and the desk was a wall telephone.

Fred lighted a gas-jet, took up the telephone directory and looked for the call number of Police Headquarters.

As soon as he found it he got into communication with Central and was presently talking with the desk sergeant at Headquarters, then at 300 Mulberry street.

He stated the case.

"Give me the street number and I'll have the nearest police station attend to the matter," said the officer.

"The street is—and Fred gave it—"but I don't know the number. Hold the wire for a minute and I'll find out."

He ran back to the hall, unlocked and unbolted the door and stepping into the vestibule lit a match and looked to see if the number was over the door on the glass.

He found that it was and rushed back to send it to Headquarters.

The officer took it down.

"You've got the burglars, you say?"

"Yes."

"Now give me your name and that of your companion, with your addresses."

Fred did so.

"I'll have policemen sent to the house at once. Ring off."

Fred hung up the receiver and returned to his chum.

"They're still dead to the world, I see," he said. "They look as though they are likely to remain so for awhile. I'll run upstairs and hunt for the woman who gave the alarm."

He hustled up to the third floor and opened the door of one of the front rooms, a bedroom.

As it was dark he flashed a match and entered.

Bound and gagged on the bed lay a woman in her night-gown.

Fred lighted the gas and released her.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The house has been robbed!" she said, in a greatly agitated way. "What will Mr. Davis say when he and the family return?"

"Mr. Davis lives here, eh?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. He and Mrs. Davis and their two daughters went to attend a wedding on Staten Island, and they will not return until to-morrow."

"Well, don't worry. The burglars didn't get away. They and two bags of plunder are downstairs in the hall," said Fred, who then told the servant all that had happened.

He learned that the cook had gone to spend the night with some relatives, and that this woman was the only inmate of the house when the rascals surprised her.

She was overjoyed to hear that the scoundrels had been prevented from carrying off her master's property, and that the police would soon arrive to take charge of them.

Leaving her to dress herself, Fred returned to the hall below.

"I guess I'd better open the outside door and watch for the policemen," he said to Bert.

This he did and presently up the street came three officers in a patrol wagon.

Fred called to them and they stopped at the house.

The three officers were soon in the house looking at the senseless rascals and listening to the facts as detailed by the boy.

The servant came downstairs and told her story.

The policemen looked the house over and then nailed up the basement door for the night.

They loaded the crooks and the two bags of plunder into the wagon and drove away, after telling the two boys they would be summoned as witnesses against the men.

After they had departed, the chums bade the servant good-night and resumed their way home, arriving about two o'clock, and reaching their beds without arousing their mother.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHORT SALE THAT PANNED OUT BIG.

In the morning Fred and Bert told their mothers about their adventure of the preceding night and then started for Wall Street.

The morning papers had a brief mention of the attempted robbery as reported by Fred to Headquarters.

The names of the two boys were mentioned.

That morning L. & O. looked so shaky that Fred, after a consultation with Bert, sold 500 shares of the stock short.

That is, he sold the stock at the market price, though they didn't have a share of it, in the expectation that the price would slump that day or the next, and thus give them the chance to buy 500 shares in at a much lower price to deliver to the party who had bought the stock of them.

In this way they hoped to make some more money out of L. & O.

The bank's representative at the Exchange made the sale to some broker at 80, presumably for a customer.

The price rose to 81 and then, all of a sudden, the stock went to pieces, dropping rapidly to 70, where it recovered to 73.

The boys sat in the little bank and watched the quotations as they came out on the blackboard.

The stock finally closed at 72 3-8.

When they got home they found that a policeman had called at their homes and left a summons for them to attend the Tombs Police Court next morning.

They went to the little bank first and were there when the Exchange opened.

The previous day's slump was continued, L. & O. dropping to 64 5-8, at which price Fred ordered 500 shares bought to cover their short sale.

Then they started for the court in great elation, for they figured they would make \$7,500 out of the fall of the stock.

"Our first deal will net over \$11,500. My! who would have dreamed we would be so lucky?" cried Bert.

"You see what you have gained by standing in with me," said Fred.

"I've gained nearly \$6,000, and I was a whole year making the \$1,000 I put into the firm."

"And it took me nearly as long to do the same thing. That proves that the first thousand is always the hardest to get."

"Sure it is. The larger capital you have the more you can make out of it."

"Of course, but at the same time you can lose a whole lot more, too, if you take larger risks."

"Now that we are worth over \$13,000 we will have to be more cautious. I'd have a fit if we got cleaned out of all that money."

When they reached the court they announced their presence to the clerk, and were told to take seats until the case was called.

The servant was there and she pointed the boys out to Mr. Davis.

That gentleman immediately introduced himself to them, and thanked them for the service they had rendered him in saving his property and capturing the thieves.

"You're welcome, sir," said Fred. "When your servant shouted for help and told us there were thieves in the house the uncertainty of finding a policeman induced us to enter your house, when we discovered that the area door was open, and make an effort to block the rascals' escape. It took a little nerve and some judgment, for we believed the men were armed, and this proved to be the case."

"Well, the rascals would have got away with several thousand dollars' worth of valuable property, including all of the personal jewelry of my wife and daughter. You have, therefore, placed me under great obligations to you, and I assure you I won't let it pass unrecognized. Where are you employed?"

"We are not employed at present. We have been brokers' messengers until about a month ago when we each had a misunderstanding with our employer and quit."

"Then you have been working in Wall Street."

"Yes, sir; for about two years. I was in George Butler's office, and my friend was in Thomas Crane's."

"You have found some difficulty in getting employment, have you?"

"We haven't looked for another position, either of us. We have done a whole lot better speculating on our own hook."

"I think you could do better than that. Speculating in the rise and fall of stocks is merely gambling in futures. It is an extremely precarious way to risk one's money. And you boys are taking an added risk by patronizing a bucketshop, as I presume you do."

"We patronize the little bank on Nassau street, and though it has the reputation of being a bucketshop, because one can purchase as low as five shares of any stock on margin, it is doing a bona-fide business—the bank really buys and holds the shares for its patrons, thereby, in my opinion, taking it out of the category of bucketshops. I know the brokers have given it a black eye because the bank practically encourages boys and cheap clerks to speculate. In that respect it is a bucketshop. We have made good money there, and are satisfied to make it our headquarters for the present," said Fred.

"Well, I won't criticize your methods, whether I approve of them or not. I am a Wall Street broker. Here is my card. I shall be glad to see both of you at my office, and if I can be of any service to you you can depend on me to help you," said the gentleman.

At that moment the two burglars were brought before the bar to plead.

They were represented by a cheap lawyer, who proceeded to brow-beat the servant when she went on the stand.

She swore the prisoners were the two men who had entered her room, dragged her away from the window and gagged and bound her.

The lawyer tried his best to make her admit that she was not sure that the accused were the men in question, but did not succeed.

Then Fred took the witness-chair and told his story.

"What induced you to enter the house?" asked the lawyer.

"The woman's cry for help, and her statement that there were thieves in the place," replied the Wall Street boy.

"Why didn't you go for the police?"

"You needn't answer that question," said the magistrate.

"Your Honor——" protested the lawyer.

"Confine yourself to your case," retorted the judge.

The lawyer endeavored to shake Fred's identification of the prisoners, but without avail.

Bert swore to the men's identity, and that he had seen them bringing the bags of plunder downstairs.

The three officers who carried the rascals away in the patrol-wagon identified them positively.

The contents of the bags were displayed and Mr. Davis, his wife and daughters testified that it was their property.

The result was the two men were remanded back to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Mr. Davis introduced the boys to his wife and daughters, and then went with them to Wall Street.

During the ride Fred told the broker that he and his chum were no one-horse boy speculators.

"Our last operation was 500 shares of L. & O., which we sold short a couple of days ago, before the slump we counted on. This morning we covered the deal at a profit of \$7,500. That's the way we are doing business," said Fred.

His statement quite took the broker's breath away, for he had supposed the boys were dealing in five and ten share lots on a very limited capital.

He had nothing more to say against the plan of operations, though he advised them to be extremely cautious in the business they had taken up, for the money game often sent the most experienced speculators to the wall, even though they had considerable capital at their command.

"Always keep an anchor to the windward," he said. "In other words, do not embark recklessly in a deal. The best-laid plans and the finest prospects often go wrong. Be sure and keep enough of your capital back to make good a call for additional margin in case of an unexpected fall in the price of your stock. In that way you are likely to avoid being wiped out, and are in a position to secure all the advantage of a recovery in the market price."

The boys admitted that his advice was good, and Fred said they intended to follow it, then they bade him good-by and went into the little bank to see how things were coming on.

Two days afterward the broker sent each of the boys a handsome and valuable present as an evidence of his appreciation for their services.

Mrs. Davis and the two girls also sent additional presents to express their gratitude to the two chums for saving their diamonds and other property.

So the boys congratulated themselves on the results of their night adventure, but for all that they were not through with the affair.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TIP THAT FRED FOUND.

A couple of weeks passed and the boys did nothing more strenuous than watch the blackboard in the reception-room of the little bank, or stroll around the Wall Street district to stretch their legs.

Then Fred noticed that M. & N. was going up slowly but steadily.

"I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to buy say 600 shares of it," he said to Bert. "Even if we sold on a point and a half or two-point advance we'd make something, and everything counts. A profit of \$1 a share would be \$600. That doesn't look as big to us now as it did when we were working for Butler and Crane, but it's a lot of money, just the same, to make in a few days."

"Whatever you say suits me," said Bert.

"All right. Come over to the window. Hereafter I'm going to make all deals in both our names so you can act in case I'm not around. We are equal partners, and you have as much right to close a deal as I have, if, in your judgment, you think it best to do so."

"I don't know whether my judgment is as good as yours," said Bert.

"Whether it is or not I want the bank to recognize you as my partner. Occasions are likely to arise when quick action becomes necessary to close a deal to our advantage, or to save us from loss. If I am not on hand it will be your place to step into the breach and act. You can't do this unless the bank understands that you are authorized to close out a deal made by me. See the point?"

Bert understood, and the two chums went to the window together.

"This is my speculative partner," said Fred to the clerk. "We are going to make our deals jointly hereafter, because each of us are equally interested in it from a financial point of view. I want it understood that either of us has the right to close out the deals either of us make. Now, we are going to buy 600 shares of M. & N. at the market. If Rowe should order it sold I want you to sell it."

"That's all right. You will both sign the buying order, and I will make a note to the effect that whichever one of you presents the memorandum and signs the selling order will be recognized," said the clerk.

That was satisfactory and the deal was made—600 M. & N., at 85.

The deposit was \$6,000, which Fred paid over.

Two days later, while seated by himself in the little bank, Bert saw M. & N. drop an eighth.

It was then going at 87 3/8.

He went to the window and ordered the stock sold, which gave the firm a profit of \$1,200.

Fred, at the time, was talking to Broker Davis in his office.

He was telling him that they had gone in on 600 M. & N., and that the price had since then gone up two points and a half.

"I think you'd better sell," said the broker. "It's gone up seven points in the last ten days, and the market looks to me as if it was on the turn."

He picked up the tape of his private ticker and looked at it.

"M. & N. is dropping," he said. "In the last three transactions it has fallen off three-eighths. You'd better sell it at once."

"My partner has the memorandum and I guess he knows enough to get out from under when he sees things toppling," said Fred.

However, he deemed it wise to run up to the little bank to see if Bert had sold the stock.

When he got there M. & O. had lost a point.

"How about the deal?" he asked his chum.

"Sold out when I saw it was starting down," replied Bert.

"Good! The country is safe. I guess we'll make all of \$1,000."

"We ought to make more if the bank's broker acted promptly."

"We may assume that he did, for he knows his business."

"We are getting on pretty well, I think," said Bert. "We are our own boss, and making money in bunches. We started

into the money game a month ago with \$1,000 apiece capital and now, if we decided to call our partnership off, we could cut a \$14,000 melon. That's going some, I think."

"The showing is quite satisfactory to me," replied Fred. "As for calling our partnership off, we can hardly do that except by mutual consent, for our agreement calls for one year, subject to renewal if both parties are agreeable."

"Oh, I don't want to call it off, don't you worry. There's too much money in it. Our bosses did us a great favor when they bounced us. We ought to call upon them and express our thanks," said Bert.

"You can call upon Crane, if you want, but Butler won't see me in a hurry."

That was where Fred was wrong, for an hour later he ran into his late employer on Broad street.

"Hello, Bassett! Who are you working for now?" asked the broker, in a comparatively friendly way.

"For the firm of Bassett & Rowe, speculators," replied Fred.

"Bassett & Rowe, speculators!" ejaculated Butler. "Speculators in what?"

"They're in the money game."

Butler looked puzzled.

"I don't quite understand. Is the senior partner a relative of yours?"

"The senior partner is myself."

"Oh, I begin to see what you are driving at. You're not working for anybody. You are continuing your foolish course of action for which I let you go."

"I am much obliged to you for doing that. I am making more money in five minutes now than I collected in wages for a year at your office."

"I'm happy to hear it," said Butler, with a whimsical smile. "Do you intend to stick at this thing until you are broke?"

"I hope there is no danger of the firm of Bassett & Rowe going broke, sir."

"Speculators in futures are always in danger of coming to grief. I regret you are employing your time to such poor advantage."

"I don't call it poor advantage, sir. I have been away from your office about a month now. I was practically worth \$1,000 when I drew my last pay from you. Now I'm worth over \$7,000. Haven't I done pretty well? I'll leave it to you."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Did you ever know me to tell you what wasn't true?"

"No. I'll admit you were a perfectly straightforward young fellow, and I have felt sorry for letting you go. I might have taken you back had you called on me and asked to be reinstated, promising to quit speculating in the future."

"I have had no regrets over my discharge. It has been a benefit to me from a money-making point of view. I hope to be worth twice \$7,000 before long."

"If you have made all that money speculating since you left my office you have done better than ninety-nine people out of a hundred; but, remember, you might lose it quicker than you've made it. Other and shrewder persons than you, with big bank accounts have gone to the wall through the same kind of speculation you are engaged in. If you are \$7,000 ahead of the game you couldn't do a wiser thing than bank it, quit speculating and go to work. But I suppose you won't. You young fellows know more, in your own opinion, than your elders, and you have to learn by experience what you refuse to accept by word of mouth."

"I am much obliged to you for your advice, Mr. Butler, but I'm spoiled now for working for anybody else unless things should turn out badly, in which case I shall take my medicine and look for a job."

"You are the doctor, young man. I wish you well, but I have had thirty years' experience in the game, and I have found that the best way to get on is to let the other fellow do the guessing. Good-by," and the broker walked off.

"He's right," thought Fred. "The man who does the guessing generally guesses wrong, but when one is playing in luck I believe in following it till it changes, but not after it changes. The fellow who goes bankrupt is the chap who tries to buck against luck when it's on the ebb. The moment things change with Bassett & Rowe I shall propose to quit, or at least haul off for a while."

Walking across Broad street toward the Curb Exchange, Fred saw an envelope in his path.

It looked clean, as if some one had just dropped it, and the boy picked it up.

It was sealed, but bore no name or address, only the initials J. D.

Fred took a lead pencil from his pocket, ran it under the flap and soon had the envelope open.

He took out the enclosure and read the following:

"J. D.—You have asked for my advice. That is something I am not in the habit of giving out. I have all I can do to advise myself and do it satisfactorily. However, I owe you a good turn, or a favor, or whatever you chose to call it, so I will so far unbend as to suggest—merely suggest, you understand, that if you should get in on U. P. at once you can't go far wrong. It's ruling around 165 at present. Unless my foresight fails me those who have it a week from to-day will be able to get 175 for it. And it may go higher. At any rate, you'll make no mistake in buying it to the extent of your cash balance, and holding it for a ten-point rise, which will result in you doubling your money.

"Yours very sincerely, T. J."

"If T. J. doesn't stand for Thomas Jardine, I'm a lobster of the boiled type, for I've seen those pot-hooks before in the course of business. The letter reads like the operator—cautious but convincing. Fred, old boy, you've struck a gilt-edged tip that ought to put Bassett & Rowe on the sunny side of Easy Street. U. P. is Jardine's particular persimmon. If he says it is likely to rise ten points, you can bet your last dollar that he knows it is going to rise. If I knew who J. D. is, and where to locate him, I'd take him this letter, for it's a shame he should miss such an elegant pointer. I'd take the letter and leave it at Mr. Jardine's office, but that would show the finder had opened it, and U. P. might go down instead of up in consequence. I'm afraid J. D. will have to go without his tip unless he meets his friend Jardine, or the messenger confesses that he lost the letter," said Fred.

Fred put the letter in his pocket and later on he sealed it up again.

When he met Bert he told him about the tip and showed him the letter.

"I know it's from Jardine, for I'm familiar with his writing. This is where we'll make a ten-strike and double our capital. We can afford to take a plunge on the strength of that tip, for it's as good as gold," said Fred.

So the firm of Bassett & Rowe plunged on U. P. at 165, on margin, to the extent of 1,400 shares, and the little bank's margin clerk gasped at their order, which was the biggest the bank had received for a week, most of its transactions being small.

To swing the order the bank would have to advance something over \$200,000, and as the bank had no such money at its disposal it was obliged to hypothecate the stock at about seventy per cent. of its market value.

The boys knew that they would have to pay interest on over \$200,000 for as many days as the deal ran, and the bank would deduct it from either their deposit or their profits, as the case might be.

Naturally, when you make use of other people's money you have to pay for it.

The chum firm didn't worry over that.

They didn't expect the deal to run much over a week and they looked to make such a good thing out of it that the interest charge would cut a small figure.

With all their capital up it is only reasonable to suppose that the chums were a bit anxious over the result in spite of the fact that they felt sure they were going to win.

They hugged their seats in the little bank and watched the blackboard for every quotation put up for U. P.

On the day after they made their deal the stock went up a point.

"Now we're on our way," said Bert, gleefully.

But they were mistaken, for before the Exchange closed the price dropped back to 159 5-8.

However, to make a long story short, U. P. finally got a gait on and began going upward in earnest, a little at a time.

On the eighth day it registered at 175.

"Shall we take a little more chance on it?" said Fred.

"I think we may, for it's a gilt-edged security," replied Bert.

So they waited another day and the price advanced to 176 5-8.

Then Fred would take no further risk and ordered the stock sold.

When the little bank settled with the boys they found they had made a profit of \$15,700, and that raised their capital to \$30,000, with a trifling \$400 over.

Such is luck!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHUMS OPEN AN OFFICE IN WALL STREET.

"Bert," said Fred one morning, "let's rent an office. We can afford the luxury, and it will add style to the firm. What do you say?"

"An office costs money down here, and we really have no use for one," replied his chum.

"Then we'll make use for one. We'll make a bluff at the brokerage business. Bassett & Rowe, stocks and bonds, will look pretty nifty on the frosted glass. Then we'll put a standing advertisement in one or two of the papers which will inform the public that we buy and sell stocks and bonds on a commission basis, and that we will be happy to supply prospective customers with reliable information about the market free, gratis and for nothing. How does that strike you?"

"It would strike me all right if I thought there was anything in it."

"There will be something in it after we hook a few customers."

"But neither of us know a whole lot about running a brokerage office."

"Pooh! What do we need to know? We open an office. Enter a man who's seen our advertisement in the paper. He leaves an order with us to buy 100 Peekaboo Preferred, at the market price. He pays us ten per cent. deposit. One of us goes out and buys the stock. It is transferred to our customer and delivered to us C. O. D. We pay for it. Enter customer after stock. Hands us the balance due in cash or a certified check and we give him the certificate, after we get our commission. Easy, isn't it?"

"Where's the profit? We'll have to pay the broker we get the stock from a commission, for we'll never be recognized as real brokers. We'll only be putting up a bluff and paying good money for the privilege of doing it."

"I'll call on Mr. Davis. He'll execute our orders on a half commission basis. I'm tired of sitting around the reception-room of the little bank waiting for something to turn up. We're making money, it's true, but we're losing a lot of valuable time that we might employ in getting a start in a business that some day might amount to something. We can hire a practical Wall Street bookkeeper any time to post us. Some old chap with loads of experience and nothing else, and who will be glad to work cheap. We can even get a stenographer for nothing."

"For nothing?"

"Sure thing. Miss Nellie Travers, you know her, she's crazy——"

"Crazy! What do you mean?"

"Permit me to finish my sentence. Never butt in when a gentleman is talking. She's crazy to start out for herself as a public stenographer. She has two or three perspective customers already in her eye."

"In her eye!" grinned Bert. "Good place for them."

"Will you be quiet and don't get funny. I was talking with her yesterday. She told me if we would rent an office she'd go in with us and pay part of the rent, and do any work we might have for nothing. Now, there's a chance. We'll put her name in a corner of the glass—Miss Travers, public stenographer. We'll pay two-thirds of the rent, she the other third. After we get business we'll look for the bookkeeper. Thirty thousand dollars is capital enough for us to start. I'm in favor of it and only await your distinguished co-operation to put the matter into active execution. I thought you'd jump at the idea."

"Oh, I guess the plan is all right. You can count me in on it. Where can we get an office?"

"I've got a place picked out already in the Dunkle Building. Sixth floor. Come around and look at it. Only one room, but that's good enough for a beginning."

"I should think so."

They went around to the building and Fred got the janitor, an Irish giant in uniform named Mike, to show them the vacant room.

Bert liked it, so they called on the superintendent and took a lease of it until the following May, Fred giving Broker Davis as their reference, and paying down the first month's rent.

Fred then called on Nellie Travers and told her they had taken the office he had spoken to her about.

"That suits me," she said. "I'll move in when you are ready for me."

It only took a couple of days for the chums to furnish the place up with a rug, a safe, two desks, a table for Miss Travers and half a dozen chairs.

They hung half a dozen appropriate pictures on the walls and then the place was ready for business.

Nellie Travers brought her typewriter and went to call on the gentlemen in the building who had promised her work if she came there.

A painter put "Bassett & Rowe, Stocks and Bonds," on the door, in good-sized lettering, and down in one corner, in small letters, "Miss Travers, Public Stenographer."

Fred put an advertisement in three papers, and the boys felt like real brokers.

Of course, the other tenants of the offices on the corridor noticed that the room had been rented to a firm in the brokerage line, and their curiosity was excited as to who they were, for nobody knew them.

The clerks who worked in the offices were as curious as their employers, at least some of them were.

Broker Fosdick, whose suit of offices was facing the office of the new tenants, felt it was his duty to make the acquaintance of the new brokers and learn whence they had come, so as to be able to spread the news.

He was a "nosey" man, who let nothing escape him, particularly a customer, if he could help it.

He was not popular with his office force on account of his prying nature.

When not engaged with a visitor he kept the door of his private room open so he could keep tab on his clerks.

He was not a member of the Stock Exchange, but he had a business arrangement with a broker who was to handle such business as he couldn't execute himself.

On the first Monday after the chums started their new venture, Broker Fosdick walked in on them.

He was surprised to see two boys seated at the only desks in the room.

"Is Mr. Bassett in?" asked Fosdick.

"Yes, sir. That's my name," said Fred.

"Are you one of the brokers whose name is on the door?"

"I am."

"Why, you're only a boy," he sniffed.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you come from?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, sir. I was born in this city."

"Then you belong to New York?"

"No, sir. I don't belong to anybody unless it's my mother."

"What kind of an answer do you call that?" snorted the nosey broker.

"What other kind of answer do you expect?"

"Did you get your experience in Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who did you work for?"

"Mr. George Butler, of No. — Wall Street."

"You were one of his clerks, I suppose?"

"I was his messenger."

"What's that? His messenger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean to say you've jumped from a messenger to a broker?"

"I guess that's about it."

"What do you know about the brokerage business?"

"Is this a civil service examination?"

"You are impudent, young man."

"And you are mighty curious about what does not concern you. May I ask who you are?"

"I am the tenant of the offices opposite. My name is Fosdick."

"Oh, you're a broker?"

"I am, and I'd like to know how it is you have the assurance to set yourself up as a broker?"

"Did anybody ask you that question when you started in?"

"Certainly not. I wasn't a boy."

"But you were a boy once," persisted Fred.

"What has that fact got to do with the matter we are discussing?"

"I thought maybe you'd remember how you felt when a boy and that you'd give me the benefit of it."

The broker glared at him.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he snarled.

"No, sir. I couldn't improve on your own efforts."

"What's that?"

"Really, Mr. Fosdick, I would be glad if you would explain why you wanted to see me. If you will state your errand I will listen to you."

"Bah!" ejaculated Fosdick, rising. "I must find out whether this building is going to be turned into a kindergarten for suckling brokers."

"It might be put to a worse use."

With a snort, the broker marched to the door.

"Bah!" he said, and then he walked out.

The chums looked at one another and laughed.

No doubt Miss Travers would have laughed, too, had she been at her typewriter, but she was out taking dictation.

"I wonder what he wanted, anyway?" said Bert.

"I imagine he came in just out of curiosity to get a line on the new firm," replied Fred. "I didn't like his questions; that's why I handed it to him the way I did. It is really nobody's business who we are, or why we are in the brokerage business. Nobody is going to help us unless it might be Mr. Davis, if we got into difficulties, financial or otherwise. Visitors are welcome, but I shall treat them as they deserve. Nosey people will get it straight from the shoulder from me every time."

Here the door was opened and the postman walked in with a letter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHUMS GET THEIR FIRST CUSTOMER.

"For the firm," said Fred, as he proceeded to open it after the departure of the letter-carrier.

"Who from?" asked Bert.

"Give me time to find out. Oh, it's from some man out on Long Island. He has seen our advertisement and wants information about the Minerva Gold and Silver Mining Company, of Tonopah, Nevada. Says he has 1,000 shares which he bought over a year ago from a man in the Flatiron Building who was advertising the stock for sale as the finest investment on earth. He says he hasn't heard anything more about the mine, though he's written several times to the company. Looks as if he was stung with one of those wildcats that promoters work off on the credulous public once in a while."

"You'll answer it?"

"Of course. That's our duty."

"What will you say to him?"

"I must make inquiries about the mine, and whatever I learn I'll post him about. The chances are it won't be in his favor. That reminds me we must subscribe to a couple of good Western mining journals so we can get next to what is going on in the mining properties out West."

"Good idea."

Fred put on his hat and went out.

In a little while Nellie Travers came in and went to work on her machine.

Bert continued to read one of the Wall Street dailies.

Half an hour passed away.

Then, during a brief spell of silence, while the girl was reading over the letter she had just written and comparing it with her shorthand notes, footsteps came slowly along the corridor, stopped outside the office and then something crashed heavily against the door, shaking it violently.

Nellie gave a nervous jump, while Bert sprang to his feet.

"Oh, dear! what was that?" asked the stenographer.

"I couldn't tell you, but I'm going to find out," said the junior partner.

He walked to the door and threw it open.

A man in a slouched hat was huddled up there, and he toppled into the office when the door was open, like a jag of merchandise might, inert and helpless.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Bert. "What have we here?"

Nellie felt like screaming, for the strange man had all the appearance of death on his sun-burned countenance.

A heavy beard concealed the greater part of his face, while his attire consisted of a new suit of ready-made store clothes.

The corridor was empty at the moment and so Bert dragged the man into the office and closed the door.

He saw that the stranger was not dead, in spite of his ghastly looks.

Neither was the man suffering from a fit, as far as the boy could see.

Apparently, he had fainted from some cause, which Bert regarded as serious, for stalwart-looking men like him do not faint easily.

With Nellie's help, Bert got him on the lounge and, getting a glass of water, tried to bring him to.

His efforts were successful and the man opened his eyes just as Fred came back.

"Hello!" said Fred. "What has happened here?"

Bert explained matters in a few words.

"Did you telephone for an ambulance?" asked Fred.

"No. I wasn't sure the case was serious enough."

"I think we'd better get a doctor, at any rate, for him."

"No, no," whispered the stranger, hoarsely, "don't get a doctor. It's just an attack I'm accustomed to. Let me rest here a while. I'll be all right again shortly."

"All right," said Fred. "You can stay here as long as you choose. If there is anything at all we can do for you we'll do it gladly."

"Thanks, pard. I don't need anything, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You've a drop of whisky handy?"

"We haven't any in the office, but I'll get you some. It will be no trouble."

"I'll go for it," said Bert.

"Well, run over to the Empire Cafe and buy a half-pint flask of their best," nodded Fred.

Nellie, who had gone back to her table, resumed her work.

Fred put on his hat and started on his errand.

"You say you are subject to these fits?" said Fred to the stranger.

"It isn't a fit. It's a weakness of the heart. I'm not as strong as I look. I'm from the West—Nevada. My name is Hank Gibson. Some years ago I got into a saloon scrap and was shot close to the heart. The ball is in there yet, stuck in the muscles. The doctors, after probing for it and failing to dislodge the ball, told me they dare not operate further, as the lead was too close to my heart. They thought I might pull through with it in me, and I did. But once in a while I have these spells come on and I drop, like a shot. This is the first in six months. Any extra exertion, or excitement, will bring on an attack, so I have to be as careful as I can. I suppose they'll fetch me some day, though when I get over them I feel no further inconvenience till the next attack. It was fortunate I went down outside your office. I might have fallen in the street—anywhere. They take me suddenly. I feel a sharp pain and then everything grows black and I know nothing more till I come to," said the stranger.

Bert came back with the flask of whisky.

Fred poured a good drink out in a glass and handed it to the stranger.

He drank it slowly at first and then finished it at a gulp.

"That's the stuff," he said. "It puts life in a chap. There, I can sit up now, and in five minutes I'll be ready to go."

"Don't hurry yourself. You are welcome to remain in our office as long as you choose."

"Are you boys in business in this room?"

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"We buy and sell railroad, industrial and mining stocks, also all kinds of gold bonds, on commission."

"You are brokers, then?"

"Yes."

"You look young for the business. How long have you been at it?"

"Not long. We used to work for a couple of Wall Street traders. Now we're bosses ourselves."

"I guess you chaps are pretty smart or you couldn't get along. You seem to be doing business all right," said the stranger, looking at Miss Travers, whose nimble fingers were flying over the keys of her typewriter.

"Oh, yes, we're doing a little something," said Fred, who did not think it necessary to admit that they were still waiting for their first customer.

"You young fellows have done me a real service and I'm grateful to you. I can put some business in your way that'll repay you."

"We shall be glad to execute any commission you give us, Mr. Gibson," said Fred.

"You charge the usual commission, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I was going to give my business to Broker Fosdick, for I was recommended to him by a Goldfield firm of brokers, but seeing I owe you a good turn, and Fosdick ain't nothing to me in particular, if you can do what I want, the commission is yours."

"If it's in the brokerage line, as I judge it is, we can fix you up all right," said Fred, in a confident tone.

"I'm feeling all right now. I'll go over to your desk and talk business," said Gibson, suiting the action to the word.

Nellie put on her hat and said she was going to lunch, and Bert said he guessed he'd go, too, if his presence wasn't needed.

Fred told him to go on, as he would attend to their customer.

"I suppose your name is Bassett," said the Westerner. "You seem to be the head of the firm."

"Yes, that's my name."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Bassett, I came East to buy up Minerva mining stock," began Gibson.

"Minerva!" ejaculated Fred, in some surprise.

He had been investigating the mine and had learned that it was considered no good.

A hundred thousand shares had been disposed of by a smart promoter at ten cents a share.

A great many of these shares had subsequently been sent to Wall Street brokers to be sold, but as there was no market for them they had been returned to the owners.

Fred had gathered this information to send to the firm's Long Island correspondent, whose letter was the first business communication the chums had received.

"You have heard about the mine, of course," said Gibson.

"We received a letter from a man in Jamaica this morning, asking for information about it."

"How many shares has he?"

"One thousand."

"What did you intend to write him?"

"That the stock was worthless."

"Worthless!" said the Westerner, with a quiet chuckle.

"I have been looking it up and I find that it is regarded as a wildcat."

"Then it must surprise you that I wish to buy the stock?"

"You must have some pretty good reason for doing so."

"Naturally. Write to your Jamaica correspondent and offer him a cent a share."

"Do you mean you will give that?"

"Yes. And I'll take all you can get for me at the same rate. I know that 100,000 shares were sold here and I want to get as many of them as I can get hold of. Make out your order for an indefinite number of shares and I'll sign it. I'll leave \$1,000 deposit with you to show you that I mean business."

"I guess that stock isn't as worthless as Wall Street brokers think it is," said Fred, as he started to make out the order.

"No, it's worth a little something, but I don't think anybody but me would offer to buy it just now."

Fred passed the order to him and he signed it.

Then he handed the boy \$1,000 in bills and took his receipt for the money.

"I'm stopping at the Astor House, where any communication will reach me. The sooner you get hold of the stock the better I'll like it. Here is a list of all the Eastern stockholders of record, with their addresses, which I copied off the book of the company. I daresay a lot of the stock has changed hands without any notification reaching the company, for the company has practically been out of business for a considerable time. It's going to be reorganized, and if your firm would care to take the Eastern agency I'd be glad to have you do it. I'll tell you right here that you won't regret it."

"If there's anything at all in it for us we'll be glad to take it," said Fred.

"I wouldn't suggest the matter to you if I didn't think it would pay you."

"All right, Mr. Gibson, we'll talk about it after we have bought as much of the stock as we can pick up at the price. We'll get on the job at once."

"Maybe I'll drop in to-morrow and see how you're getting on," said the Western man, getting up.

"Do so. We'll be glad to see you."

Then Hank Gibson took his leave, and Bassett & Rowe had got their first customer, which was a matter of congratulation to them.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHUMS MAKE A BIG HAUL.

In a little while Bert and Miss Travers returned and Fred told his chum about the order he had got from the Westerner.

"We must treat him well, because he's the firm's first customer," said Fred.

"It was singular the way we captured him," said Bert.

"Yes, it was. We've got one on that nosey broker across the hall."

"In what way?"

"Our customer was bound for his office when he fell unconscious. He brought a letter of introduction."

"He won't lose a whole lot, for we can't charge more than 75 cents a thousand for buying the stock. That's the regula-

tion rate for shares worth one and under two cents," said Bert.

"I know it, but everything counts with me. I'll bet it would give Broker Fosdick a fit, after what passed between us, if he learned that we got even a dollar in commission away from him."

"Oh, let him go bag!"

"Sure; he can go to grass with all the pleasure in the world. Now, I'm going to lunch, and then I'll look around for Minerva shares, so you need not expect to see me back for a while. In the meanwhile, dictate a letter to our Jamaica correspondent, telling him that Minerva isn't worth the paper it's written on, but if he wants to get rid of it we'll take the certificates off his hands for \$10."

Thus speaking, Fred left the office.

Bert dictated the letter to Nellie.

"It's our first," he said, as he finished.

"There always has to be a beginning," she replied, with a smile.

"Yes. I only hope more will follow. We've nailed our first customer, too. The gent who fell in on us so unexpectedly."

"Oh, he was coming here, then?"

"No, he wasn't. He was going to the man opposite—a very disagreeable sort of man, who paid us a visit while you were out taking dictation. He said things while he was in here that we didn't exactly approve, and Fred, acting as spokesman for the firm, handed him a few back. He didn't like his reception and left in a hurry. Our customer had a letter to him, but Fate willed that we should get him. I guess we'll go along now, for it's the first customer that's the hardest to get—at least it was in our case, for we have no friends we can count on," said Bert.

In the meantime Fred went to lunch and then started out to look for Minerva shares, without reference to his list.

Not many of the brokers had any of the stock hanging around their offices.

He picked up 10,000 shares at three different places, and he got it all for \$22, and the traders were glad to get rid of it for that price.

This was less than a quarter of a cent a share—next door to getting it for nothing.

He returned to the office at half-past three.

Nellie was nearly through with her work.

"I have a short letter to dictate to you," he said to the girl, "but I want you to make about a dozen copies of it, one addressed to each of the people on this list."

It took her till five o'clock to write them, with the envelopes to match.

Then the office was closed for the day and, on the way home with his chum, he mailed the bunch.

Next morning he dictated a letter to the firm's customer.

"Here, Bert, take this up to the Astor House and leave it at the desk. Read it and then seal it up," said Fred.

On the following day answers began coming in from the holders of Minerva stock, to all of whom Fred had offered a cent a share for their stock.

Some took up his offer and notified the firm that they had mailed the certificates; the rest, with a few exceptions, wanted to know more about his offer, at the same time telling him it had cost them ten cents a share.

A few didn't answer at all, and these Fred judged to be people who had either changed their address or had disposed of their stock in some way.

The firm secured 40,000 more shares, which gave them half of the stock that had been sold in the East.

The Westerner called, learned results so far, and invited the two chums to dine with him at the Astor House.

They accepted the invitation, and after dinner they, in turn, invited him to go to the theater.

He went with them, and thus they became better acquainted with their first customer.

While they were trying to secure the Minerva shares they received letters from different people who had seen their advertisement in the papers, and these wanted information about the stock market in general, and some of them advice about making investments.

In reply, Fred dictated a brief market letter and had Nellie make the necessary copies, which were mailed to the correspondents.

By the time the firm had gathered in 20,000 more shares of Minerva, Fred told Bert that as B. & J. was going up they might as well try their luck with it.

"Sure, why not?" replied Bert.

Accordingly, Fred bought 1,000 shares, at 5, on the usual margin.

After holding it three days the firm let it go at a profit of \$2,000.

During this time they had had several visitors—traders who had heard about them and dropped in to see them.

Broker Fosdick did not bother them again, and they were just as well pleased.

They passed him several times in the corridor, but he turned up his nose at them, which only made them laugh.

Finally they reported to Hank Gibson that 80,000 shares was all they could get of the Minerva stock, so he settled with them at that and allowed them to retain the \$62 Fred had saved on the first 10,000 shares.

Then, telling them they would hear from him in a short time, he started West.

One morning, shortly afterward, Bert collared another good tip.

He learned on good authority that a syndicate had been formed to corner L. & M.

Just for the fun of the thing, Fred called on Fosdick and asked him if he had any of the stock for sale.

"No, I haven't," snapped the trader. "I wonder at your nerve coming here and asking me for it."

"I should think you'd be glad to do business with us," said Fred.

"No, I don't want to do any business with boys."

"Why not? Isn't our money as good as any one else's?"

"I don't believe you've got any."

"What do you suppose we're doing business on—hot air?"

"I don't believe you're doing any business. Nobody would be so foolish as to trade with kindergarten brokers."

"Oh, all right. Since you haven't got any L. & M. I'll say good-by, but I'll bet you haven't nerve enough to sell us an option on 2,000 shares."

"What's that? Sell you an option on 2,000 shares?"

"Yes. I'll give you two points above the market, which is 80, for a ten-day option on the stock, and we'll put up five per cent. of the current value as security. We want the stock, but we can't afford to pay for it just yet."

Five per cent. on \$160,000 was \$8,000, and Fosdick demanded to know if he had the money.

"We've got the money in the office. You can have it in five minutes."

"I'll take you up," said the trader, promptly, thinking he was making a good thing of it.

He knew there was \$4,000 in it for him, anyway, less the cost of carrying \$160,000 worth of stock ten days.

He would have to hypothecate it as soon as he bought it, for he didn't have that much money to tie up, but as long as he could get his bank to carry the shares for him at the prevailing rate of interest he stood to win a profit out of the boys, and the satisfaction of making something out of them was considerable.

So the deal was made.

The chums also bought 2,000 more shares through the little bank, at 80.

Both deals took \$28,000 of their money, but they felt pretty certain of coming out on top.

Fosdick did not buy L. & M. immediately, as he would have done under ordinary circumstances, because the price dropped a point, and he saw the chance of making more out of it by waiting.

On the second day it went down another point and he rubbed his hands.

That was the time he should have bought, for it would have turned him in an additional profit of \$4,000, or double what he had figured on at first.

He held off, looking to see it go lower.

Instead of that it took a sudden jump up to 81, and he lost \$6,000 that he might have made.

Next day it went up half a point more, and then he got scared and bought it.

After he bought it it dropped back to 79, and he kicked himself for not waiting.

He was so mad about it that he made himself extra disagreeable to his clerks all that day.

After that L. & M. began going up again.

This time it kept on till it reached 95, on the ninth day of the option.

The boy firm then sold the option to Mr. Davis, at 94, making \$24,000 out of it.

They also sold the 2,000 they had at the little bank at the market price and made \$30,000 more.

In all they cleared \$54,000 off the tip, and, to a certain extent, put it over Fosdick, who only made a few hundred out of his option deal.

The fact that they had sold his option instead of taking it up and paying for the stock still further convinced Fosdick that the boy firm had no great amount of money at their back.

However, he knew they had made nearly \$25,000 on the option, and he was not greatly pleased to think that he was the means of giving them a financial lift.

He determined to try and do them some way in order to get square.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHUMS HIRE AN EXPERIENCED ASSISTANT.

One morning Fred noticed an advertisement in a Wall Street daily that struck his attention.

A bookkeeper, with many years' experience in the financial district, wants a position in a broker's office, where he would be willing to make himself generally useful.

He could be addressed by initials, care of the paper.

With a capital of over \$80,000 the chums had become ambitious to get a real start in the brokerage business, but, outside their standing advertisement, they didn't know how to get customers, for they had no friends to apply to.

They had probably had 100 or more answers so far to their advertisement, but none of them produced results.

They all wanted information about the market, and when they got it that was the last the firm heard from them.

Fred showed the advertisement to Bert.

"I think I'll answer that," he said.

"What do we want with a bookkeeper? We're not doing any business," answered Bert.

"I know it, but we'd like to do some business, wouldn't we?"

"Sure we would."

"Very well. I thought I'd have the man call here and have a talk with him. If he can give us a few pointers that will help us get business, why, we'll pay him for his information. In that way he can put a little money in his pocket while waiting for a position. See the point?"

"Yes. Go ahead. Your idea isn't a bad one. We can afford to pay well for the real goods."

So Fred answered the advertisement and the party called at the office.

He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, with a mustache and chin beard.

He said he lost a position held by him for fifteen years by the firm going out of business.

He was thoroughly acquainted with the brokerage business, and could fill in at any office position.

Fred told him what the firm was looking for.

"We have no need for a bookkeeper, but we are willing to pay for information that will put us in line for securing customers," he said.

"And after you get the customers, can you handle them?" asked the gentleman, with a smile. "Have you capital enough to carry on a brokerage business, and do you know how to raise money to carry stock for your customers?"

"I guess we can make out somehow."

"Somehow is a poor way to put it. I can give or sell you expert advice, but I can't guarantee that it will be productive of results."

"We don't ask you to guarantee anything but your advice."

"Look here, young man, the best thing you can do, if you can afford it, is to hire me as advising manager and bookkeeper. I will engage with you at \$20 a week, and if at the end of the first month you think I am a losing proposition we'll call the arrangement off. I think, however, I will be able to put you in the way of more than \$80 worth of experience, and that you will also get your money back with interest."

"All right," said Fred. "We'll give you a trial."

"The first thing you will want is a set of books," said the gentleman, whose name was Wilford Gray. "I will open them and show you how to keep them in case you decide that you cannot afford to keep me."

"Oh, if you can get us into the swim, in a business sense, we'll keep you all right. We do not expect to make money at the very start."

"How much capital have you?"

"Eighty-six thousand dollars."

The bookkeeper looked surprised.

"As much as that?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then I think you ought to be able to make a start as long as you do not expect too much. When do you want me to come?"

"You can start in right away."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LADY AND THE GOVERNMENT BONDS.

One morning a handsomely dressed and chic-looking lady walked into the office and asked for Mr. Bassett.

"That's my name, madam," said Fred, jumping up and offering his fair visitor a chair beside his desk.

"My name is Mrs. Douglas Taylor."

Fred bowed and waited for further developments.

"My husband is a traveling man and is away from home a good part of his time. He makes a lot of money in his business, and instead of banking the surplus he puts it in bonds. He thinks them safer, and they draw a better interest. He says they are convertible into cash at any time. A month ago he presented me with a thousand-dollar Government bond as a birthday present, which was good of him, don't you think?"

"Yes, ma'am; it was quite liberal on his part," replied Fred, quite taken with his fascinating visitor.

"I intended to keep it and collect the interest when it came due, but, dear me, I saw the loveliest spring suit at Madame Sengali's, on Fifth avenue, yesterday, and it is really cheap at the price, \$400, she asks for it. Of course, I must have a hat to match it, and I can't get that less than \$50. Then there are other things. When I had footed everything up I found they would cost me over \$600. I either have to sell the bond or go without the clothes. It seems a shame to dispose of that bond so soon after I got it, but what am I to do? I really must have the outfit, and so, seeing your advertisement in the paper, I decided to call on you and get you to buy the bond."

"Did you bring the bond with you?" asked Fred.

"I have it in my bag."

In a few moments she placed it in Fred's hands.

"I understand that these bonds are worth a premium?" she said.

"Yes, that is quite true."

"How much can I get for it?"

"About eleven hundred dollars."

"How lovely! Will you take it and give me the money, deducting your commission for selling it. I suppose you'll sell it right away. These Government bonds, I'm told, are as good as gold."

Fred saw that the bond was an ordinary coupon one, and that it was readily negotiable.

"You say this is your property?"

"Yes. My husband bought it. I don't know when or where, nor how long he had it before he gave it to me."

Fred took it over to the bookkeeper and showed it to him.

"The lady, whose name is Taylor, brought that here to sell. She wants me to give her the cash for it," said Fred.

"Where does she live?"

"I didn't ask her."

"Do so. She is a married lady, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How came she to get the bond?"

"She says her husband gave it to her for a birthday present a short time ago."

"And she wants to turn it into money?"

"She wants to buy a new dress, a new hat and other things which she says will cost her \$600."

"Rather extravagant, I should say."

"She told me that her husband, who is a traveling man, makes lots of money."

"I should think he did to be able to give away thousand-dollar bonds. Well, get her full name and address and then tell her you'll have to send to your bank to get the money. Come back to me with the information."

Fred returned to the lady and found out that her name was Mrs. Laura Taylor, and that she lived at the Khedive Apartment-house on 45th street.

Fred figured out the value of the bond, deducted his commission and told her what she would get.

"That will be quite satisfactory," she replied, with a smile.

"Very well. I will send to the bank for the cash," said the boy, taking the slip with the information to the bookkeeper.

He looked at it, made a note of the number and series of the bond and putting on his hat went out.

Going next door he asked to use the telephone a minute, and received permission.

He connected with the Khedive Apartment-house.

"Does a lady named Laura Taylor live there with her husband, who is a drummer?" he asked the person who answered.

"No, sah. Nobody of that name in the house."

"Very well. That is all."

Then he went over to the Stock Exchange and inquired if any Government bonds had been reported as lost or stolen recently.

He was referred to the bulletin board where various notices were posted up.

He found that a dozen Government coupon \$1,000 bonds had been reported as stolen from a Fifth avenue mansion that morning.

Going over the numbers, he found that one of them corresponded with the one offered for sale by the lady.

He made a note of them all and then communicated with Police Headquarters.

He was told that a detective would be sent down at once.

"Get him here might quick, then. A lady has offered the bond for sale at our office, and we can't keep her too long."

"He'll come down in a car at once. Your firm is what?"

"Bassett & Rowe, stock brokers, Dunkle Building, sixth floor."

"All right," and the desk sergeant rang off.

The bookkeeper walked slowly back to the building.

There was a cab standing in front, and Mr. Gray won if it was waiting for the lady.

He saw there was a man sitting inside.

The bookkeeper waited around the door and in fifteen minutes an auto rushed up and stopped.

A sharp-looking Irishman, dressed in a business suit, got out.

He came into the building and looked at the director names.

"Looking for Bassett & Rowe?" asked Gray.

The man eyed him sharply.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Are you from Headquarters?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I'm Bassett & Rowe's bookkeeper, and I telephone the information that has brought you down here."

"Oh! The lady is upstairs?"

"I presume she is, and quite impatient by this time."

"Let us go up, then."

Up they went.

"You go in first and go to your desk," said the detective. "I will follow in a minute. Pay the lady the money and take her receipt. Then we'll have her."

The bookkeeper went in, hung up his hat, opened the safe and took out the money, which he counted out and carried over to the lady, with a receipt.

The lady took off her glove, signed the receipt and the bookkeeper took up the bond as the detective walked in.

The moment her eyes fell on his face she turned pale and clung to her chair for support.

"I must go," she said to Fred.

"Allow me to see you to the elevator, Mrs. Taylor," said Fred, politely.

"Don't trouble yourself, young man," said the detective, sending the boy for a clerk. "I'll attend to that. Where is the Government bond the lady just sold this firm?" he added, looking at the bookkeeper.

"Here it is."

"I'll take it, and the receipt, please."

"How is this?" said Fred, in astonishment. "Who are you?"

"Never mind, young man. This bond happens to have been stolen with others this morning, and this lady, whom I recognize, will have to explain how she came by it."

"Stolen!" ejaculated Fred, as the lady uttered a cry.

The detective laid his hand on the lady's arm.

"You'll have to come with me, Nance Whiting."

"Sir, you are mistaking me for somebody else. My name is—"

"Yes, I know, you are sailing under the name of Laura Taylor here. Your clever ruse has failed and you will have to account for having that bond in your possession. You have received the money for it, for which I hold your receipt, so you see we have it on you good and proper, my lady."

"Are you going to take that bond away, sir? Are you a detective?" asked Fred.

"I am a detective and I am going to take the bond."

"He's all right," said the bookkeeper. "This young man is Mr. Bassett, the head of the firm," he added to the detective. The detective looked surprised.

"Well, now, I took him for a clerk," he said. "Make out a receipt for this bond," he added to the bookkeeper, "in the name of the Department and I'll sign it."

The bookkeeper did so.

He also wrote the following on a piece of paper: "There's a cab at the door with a man in it. He may be waiting for the lady."

He handed it to the detective.

The officer nodded after reading it.

"Will you hold this woman here till I return?" he said to Fred.

"I will if you order me to."

"It is my wish that you do so."

Then the detective left the office.

The fair visitor showed signs of an incipient fit.

"This is an outrage," she said. "What right has that man to bring me in here and accuse me of stealing that bond. It is my property. I insist on being permitted to leave this office,"

she started for the door, but Fred blocked her exit.

"You can't go, madam. I regret the necessity of detaining you by the orders of the detective are mandatory, and I am responsible for your presence here."

The woman continued her howl, during which Bert, who had been out all the time, came in.

He looked at the visitor and then at his partner.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

Fred started to tell him, but before he got far the detective returned.

"Now, madam, I'll trouble you to come with me," he said, in a tone that showed he meant to be obeyed.

The lady got up and accompanied him downstairs, where she found her companion, who had come with her in the cab, under arrest.

The pair were at once taken to Police Headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHUMS MOVE TO BETTER QUARTERS.

Fred and the bookkeeper were both summoned to appear at the police court on the following morning.

A dignified-looking, white-haired gentleman was also on hand.

It developed that he was the person who had been robbed of the bonds and other valuables by the lady prisoner, who was an expert confidence operator, with a police record in other cities besides New York.

He gave his name as Mason, and his residence as No. — Fifth avenue.

He told how he had been hoodwinked by the woman, who had called in reply to his advertisement for a private secretary.

She had drugged and then robbed him of the property described.

He positively identified the woman prisoner as the party in question.

Fred then was called to the stand and told about the lady's visit to his office for the purpose of selling one \$1,000 bond.

He identified the woman prisoner as that person, and also the bond when it was handed to him.

Bookkeeper Gray then testified.

He said that while he and Mr. Bassett had had no suspicions of the honesty of their customer, they considered it their duty, where negotiable security was offered for sale by persons unknown to them, to obtain reasonable assurance that the security offered for sale really belonged to the seller.

He had therefore communicated with the address given by the lady and learned that she did not live there.

Then he learned at the Stock Exchange that the bond in question, with others, had been stolen from a gentleman named Mason.

Instead of communicating with the firm of brokers, whose name was attached to the notice, he got in touch with the police, because time was important.

The result was the lady was arrested in Bassett & Rowe's office after she had turned over the bond and received the money for it.

He identified the prisoner, the bond, and the receipt.

The detective went on the stand and had something to say, then the magistrate held the woman for the action of the grand jury.

The male prisoner was then brought to the bar, but as nothing could be proved against him, except that he had accompanied the lady to Wall Street in the cab, he was discharged, but as the police regarded him as the "man behind," he was not lost sight of.

He made no effort to keep out of the way, but in the course of an hour appeared before a judge with a lawyer and gave cash bail for the lady, who was then released and went away with him.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Mason introduced himself to Fred, thanked him for saving his property, and assured him he would not forget the service.

A few days later he called at the office of the chums and was welcomed there.

Shortly after Mr. Mason went away Fred got a letter from Hank Gibson.

"I am sending you a tip that's a winner. A rich lead of ore has been discovered in the Cinderella Consolidated. There are a few thousand shares of the mine floating around Wall Street. Buy every one you can get hold of. The price here to-day is four cents. It will jump to a quarter when the news gets out, and will go higher later on. Me and my partners have secured a big block of it, and expect to make enough out of it to help matters in the Minerva, which is panning out first-rate for a comparatively new thing. If I were you I'd buy in the unsold shares of Minerva yourselves at the market price of 20. You won't lose anything by it. According to our advices you still have 25,000 shares on hand. We need the money, and the more work we're able to do the better the prospect will be for the mine. By taking that block we shall look upon you chaps as one of us, and we'd rather have you gain than outsiders. Besides, we'd have your support."

So wrote Hank, and after Bert read the letter the chums consulted and decided to buy in the 25,000 shares at 20 cents.

They could easily afford to expend the \$5,000.

They also decided to buy up Cinderella Consolidated.

"Broker Fosdick across the hall had a block a while ago. I'll call on him and see if he's got the stock yet," said Fred.

Fosdick had the stock, 20,000 shares, and he said he'd sell it at the market.

"You offered to sell it at a bargain a while ago," said Fred.

"I know I did, but I needed the money then," said the broker, with an artful look.

"And you don't need it now?"

"Not so bad."

"Well, I'll take the stock," said Fred.

"All of it?"

"All of it. It's only a small item. Send the certificates in with your receipt for the money and we'll attend to the transferring. The stock has got to be sent to Goldfield for the company has no agent here."

So the deal was made and Bassett & Rowe came in possession of the shares for \$800.

That afternoon Fred picked up 20,000 more from two other brokers at the same price.

The stock was expressed to the office of the secretary at Goldfield.

Before they received their new certificates the news of the find in the mine came out and the price jumped to 20 cents.

When Fosdick heard the news he was mad over it.

Three days later he was madder still when additional discoveries sent the price to 30 cents.

Minerva also advanced to 25 cents.

When the young firm got its shares back from Goldfield a letter from the president of the Cinderella Consolidated accompanied the certificates.

"We shall want a transfer office in Wall Street, as our mine is now coming to the front. As you are now large holders of our stock we are disposed to give you the agency if you will take it. Send us reference and your views on the subject."

The chums decided it would add to their business by taking on the Cinderella Consolidated, and notified the president of the company to that effect.

"We refer you to the Minerva G. & S. Mining Co., of Tonopah, for which we are the Eastern representatives. We are a responsible firm, though a young one, and we are large holders of Minerva stock," wrote Fred.

The result was, Bassett & Rowe got the agency, and the Cinderella Consolidated Mine was added to their sign on the door, and it created more comment from the tenants on the corridor, who began to think that the boy firm was "some pumpkins" after all.

By that time Minerva had advanced to 30 cents and Cinderella Consolidated to 40.

Both stocks had cost the firm \$5,800, and they were worth on the Goldfield market \$23,500, so the chums were considerably ahead on their mining operations, besides being agents for both of the companies.

In the meantime their business was increasing and their office had grown too small to accommodate it.

The superintendent of the building told Fred he had a suite of three rooms on the fourth floor which the firm could have.

The rent, however, was pretty stiff, more than they wanted to pay.

The bookkeeper told them in the long run it would be to their advantage to take the suite.

"Probably Miss Travers might take one of the rooms for her business has increased so that she told me she couldn't handle it under her present conditions, even with the girl you allowed her to hire," he said to Fred. "She doesn't want to separate from you, she told me, and she doesn't know what she will do."

"I'll talk to her," said Fred.

Fred had a talk with her and an agreement was reached between them, in which Bert coincided, that she could have one of the rooms of the suite for its proportionate rent.

Bassett & Rowe moved into their new quarters on the first of May.

The partners now had a private room to themselves, and the bookkeeper had a space railed off from the customers and callers for himself, where the new safe was installed, the old one being put in the private room.

Miss Travers took possession of her room, off the middle one, put her name and business on the door and hired another girl.

The change proved advantageous to all hands.

Their improved quarters greatly helped Bassett & Rowe.

Their customers felt more confidence in the firm.

As a result, other customers came, brought there by a young hustler employed on the recommendation of the bookkeeper.

The firm got out a daily market sheet now.

This was copied in manifold in Nellie's office, who was beginning to get considerable work from the chums.

"It will be cheaper for you to hire a girl for yourself," she said to Fred one day, when she presented her weekly bill.

"Probably, but you stuck by us, little girl, from the start, and were a great help to us in many ways. We are going to stick to you, no matter what it costs," he replied.

"You are very good," she answered, "but I am prosperous myself now, and I don't want to rob you."

"You've already robbed me of the most important thing I possess, Nellie."

"Why, Mr.—"

"Drop the mister. You've stolen my heart, and you know it, though you won't let on."

She looked down at the carpet and made no reply.

"Do you love me or don't you?"

"Yes, Fred. I have always loved you from—"

"I know, and you'll marry me some day not far off?"

"If you wish me to."

"Of course I do," he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her just as the private room door opened and Bert walked in.

He gasped and hastily walked out again.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

"There now, see what you've done!" she cried in great confusion, struggling to escape from his embrace.

"What have I done? Just kissed you, that's all."

Fred O.K.'d her bill and she collected the money from the bookkeeper on her way back to her own quarters.

Then Bert came in.

"It's a fine day," he remarked, with a grin.

"Yes. What are you snickering at?"

"I was just thinking, that's all."

"Thinking you have my goat, I suppose?"

"Your goat?"

"Sure. You saw me kissing Miss Travers."

"How do you know I did?"

"I didn't see you, but she did, and she nearly had a fit."

"I guess it was a joyful fit, for by kissing her you have sealed your fate."

"I'm satisfied."

"I congratulate you on catching such a fine girl. If you hadn't taken her I would have tried my own luck with her. I didn't know before you were a tailor."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I caught you pressing your suit."

"Funny boy."

"When do you two expect to embark on the sea of matrimony?"

"Oh, there's lots of time. We're young yet. If we embark in a boat we'll take you along to do the Rowe-ing."

"You're funny yourself."

"Well, what did you do while you were out?"

"I took a bunch of orders over to Davis. I appealed messenger boy as well as junior partner."

"I thought you liked to run around on the outside," if
"So I do. By the way, I was in the Empire Cafe bite."

"After a bite? There's no dogs in that place," c
Fred.

"Oh, say, cut it out! I saw Fosdick in there with ead
of friends."

"Well?"

"He's putting up a job on us."

"Is he? How kind of him. How did you learn about th

"Overheard their conversation. We're going to get a
tip to buy A. & B. We are to be told there is a syn
behind it. As soon as we bite——"

"If we do."

"The Fosdick bunch will bring about a slump and cah

"If the Fosdick bunch can do that they're good one."

got the tip already, but it didn't come from the osdi

crowd. Mr. Mason was in here, and he told me to gain

A. & B. He gave us an order to buy 10,000 shares fo hi

to be delivered C. O. D. at his bank. If the Fosdick burh a

counting on A. & B. to put us in a hole they're off theirper

Maybe they'll get pinched themselves," said Fred.

"Good!" said Bert. "I'd like to see them caught in the
own trap."

Later on Fred got a note from a broker he knew, tpph
him off to A. & B.

"Get in for all you're worth and you'll make a raft of coin
said the broker."

Fred grinned.

He went out and bought the 10,000 shares for Mr. Mason.

Then he called on Fosdick.

"Want to sell me another option?" he said.

"On what?"

"A. & B."

"Think it's going up?" grinned Fosdick, rubbing his hands.

"I do. It's going at 90. I'll give you 92."

"Make it a half and I'll take you."

"A half goes," and the deal was made for 5,000 shares.

Fosdick was in great glee.

Did he go out and buy the stock, for by so doing he stood
to win \$12,500?

He did not.

On the contrary, he and his friends got together and jumped
on A. & B.

The price sagged.

The syndicate behind helped on the good work by knocking
it down to 80.

Fosdick could have shouted for joy he was so happy.

Bassett & Rowe were over \$60,000 to the bad.

That was true, but the option had seven days yet to run.

Next day, A. & B. began to recover, and it recovered so fast
that it took Fosdick's breath away.

By the time he woke up it was going at 95.

He found himself as much to the bad as he might have bee
to the good.

He bought, however, and it was lucky he did so.

On the day the option expired A. & B. was going at 105.

Fred called on Mr. Mason, who, by previous arrangement,
advanced the boy \$200,000.

Then the boy called on Fosdick for the stock as per his
option.

"It's hypothecated at my bank," said the broker, sourly.

"We'll go over to the bank, then."

They did and the stock was released.

Fred carried it to Davis and he sold it right away at the
market price, and thus, instead of getting bitten, Bassett &
Rowe made over \$60,000 on the option.

With a cash capital of \$160,000 and 65,000 mining shares
of Minerva and Cinderella Consolidated, worth 35 and 50
cents a share, respectively, or \$28,750, the chums were prett
well fixed, not to mention their business, which was increas
ing every week.

And so we will leave them in the money game with thei
eyes fixed on half a million in the future and draw the cur
tain on the luck of two Wall Street chums.

Next week's issue will contain "A GOLDEN TREASURE
OR, THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD TRUNK."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

CURRENT NEWS

He :
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he la
He
The
"Wi
red.
"I w
"It is the St. Quentin station on the Northern Railroad. Thenance there has just been installed a wireless telegraph station for receiving time signals from the Eiffel tower station so as to have the exact time and thus be able to set the station clocks more accurately than before. The distance from Paris is about 95 miles, so that the time signals are well received even with the small aerial used. No doubt the railroad will extend the use of the wireless method in the future. A station which is so equipped can also send the time over the ordinary telegraph lines to other railroad stations.

Defying the doctor's instructions that a "seventy-five year old kid" couldn't fast for more than a day or two, George P. Bemis, ex-mayor of Omaha, fasted for fifteen and one-half days, and says he feels 200 per cent. better than he did before. "In all that time I did not eat a thing, only drinking water," he said. "I just wanted to get the clinkers out of my system, and I did it all right. At the end of the fasting, October 2, I wound up with a Turkish, steam and shower bath and a shampoo thereafter. And I will be seventy-five years old next March. I started my fasting September 24, after breakfast, and finished it with the baths October 9."

The irrigation of what used to be known as the Great American Desert has shown this strip of country to be very fertile land that had needed only adequate water supply, and the extension of irrigation has been part of the development of several of the great electrical transmission systems in the arid zone. At the same time the more refined experience with irrigation has shown an important application of the electric motor, viz., for the pumping work necessary to make the newly provided water supply available to the farmer. The actual amount of water needed (under skillful farming) is small and may be brought to the farmer's very door by motors supplied with electrical energy at a favorable rate, viz., \$20 per horse power for the six months' season.

A petition for the pardon of a modern Jean Valjean is being largely signed in New Orleans, La. The case is that of Emile Dealon, arrested two days ago for a crime committed thirty-three years ago. For many years Dealon had been considered a model citizen in New Orleans. His arrest was caused by an anonymous letter. Before attaining his majority, Dealon and Edward Broderick, who since has died, set fire to a church on St. Charles avenue, as a prank. They were arrested and Broderick turned State's evidence. Dealon, who did not reveal his real name, was sent to the State penitentiary for fourteen years. After a few months he dug his way out from the prison, and for years drifted about the world. Eighteen years ago he went back to New Orleans, settled down and married. Three children were born of the union. His wife was prostrated by the arrest and is now in a hospital.

Mme. Emma Calve, whose Carmen has enthralled three continents, may never have the full use of her voice again. The diva was forced to cancel her engagement at the Olympic Theatre at St. Louis Nov. 17 at nearly the last moment, and is confined to her room at the Hotel Jefferson. Two throat specialists are attending her. A congestion of the larynx, which keeps her from speaking above a whisper, became more pronounced late in the evening. The inflamed condition is confined to her throat, doctors say. Preston Walsh, her manager, blames Chicago atmospheric conditions for her malady. This morning when she arose she found she could not speak. "I hope Mme. Calve will recover," said Dr. Oliver Campbell. "This probably is nothing but a violent cold which will pass away, but it is possible her voice will be impaired permanently."

Dr. Samuel Woodrow, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington, and cousin of President-elect Wilson, preached a sermon recently on the "Social Unrest," in which he said in part: "A young man in New York inherited recently \$65,000,000, for which he toiled not, neither did he spin. His father had not either toiled or spun. This young man, if placed on his own resources, could not make five dollars a week. I tell you that such sights as these cause more anarchists than all the radical street speeches that ever were made. Statistics show that 70 per cent. of all the wealth of the country is in the hands of 5 per cent. of the people. It would be much better if Rockefeller and Carnegie, instead of giving millions to found libraries and great charities, should have given the people, by just wages and moderate prices for the necessities of life, the opportunity to build their own libraries."

The United States will probably possess the oldest painting on canvas in the world in a short time. The picture, which was discovered by Robert de Rustafjaell of Luxor, Egypt, is about 3,500 years old, and it is executed in wonderfully bright colors on well preserved cloth. It belongs to the period when art in Egypt had reached its zenith, and the figures in it are not nearly so stiff as the usual rock paintings ornamenting the interior of Egyptian tombs. Rustafjaell is associated with an English company engaged in agriculture in upper Egypt, and all his spare time is devoted to archaeology. Besides the painting he has uncovered some valuable papyri and the largest collection ever made of Egyptian flint instruments. Before he left Luxor with the painting an American traveler offered the finder a large sum for the work, but at that time he was determined to keep it for his own collection and refused to part with it. Since his return, however, the offers have been raised to such a figure that he has consented to negotiate for its sale. Rustafjaell declares that the most tempting offers have been made by the London agents of American collectors, and he feels sure that the painting will be sent across the Atlantic.

BOB BAXTER

THE YOUNG STAMP COLLECTOR

OR,

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ONE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued)

"Who is a thief himself—and you know it!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I never stole the album, miss. The story he told you was all a lie. If you had only been willing to listen to me you would have been spared all this, but I don't understand how your brother came to leave the album with you."

"I can tell you nothing about it," said Mattie, and I'm sure I don't want to do you any injustice. You have saved my life, and I shall never forget it. You—"

"Stop a minute. Let me tell you the whole story!" cried Bob, and as they made their way through the fog the story was told.

"It can't be possible!" cried Mattie. "Bad as Bill is, he would never do such a thing! Charles Walling is a scoundrel. He has pestered me with his attentions for weeks. Why was he not on board the steamship, if what you say is true?"

"Do you know that he was not?"

"Well, of course I can't be sure, but I did not see him."

"You may depend upon it that he was there. You would have seen him soon enough. I am inclined to think that your brother left the album behind by accident. He must have found it under the bricks, where I hid it. What excuse did he make to get you on the steamer?"

"He told me that Mr. Schlingerwitz, the man I work for, was on board, and wanted to see me."

"Schlingerwitz! Do you mean the dressmaker on Fifth Avenue?"

"Yes. He is my employer."

"Why, I thought—"

"You mean," interrupted Mattie, "that, like every one else, you wondered why I appeared at the theater dressed like a millionaire's daughter, while my home was in a dirty tenement house on the East Side?"

"I own up I did wonder at it," said Bob, "but you needn't tell me anything you don't want to. If you still believe me a thief, Miss Jing—"

"But I don't. I now believe every word you have told me is true, and I won't have you call me Miss Jing again. Bob Baxter, I am Mattie to you from this moment. You saved my life, you have proved yourself faithful to the trust my poor father imposed in you, I—"

"You shall have the money I got for that stamp," interrupted Bob. "You must take it."

"But I won't. Father gave you the stamp, and the

money is rightfully yours. But don't you want to hear my secret?"

"Oh, I don't care," said Bob, delighted with the sudden alteration in Mattie's manner toward him. "If it is anything you would want to keep to yourself—"

"But it isn't. It's nothing that I am ashamed of," persisted Mattie. "I'm Schlingerwitz's dummy—that's all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am hired to exhibit all the latest fashions in public. I drive the women crazy with my elaborate toilets, and they immediately rush to Schlingerwitz's and order dresses like the ones I wear. Now, Bob Baxter, you know all there is about it. Dear me! it is beginning to rain, and the dress I have on under this old cloak is worth three hundred dollars—it will be charged to me if it is spoiled! What shall I do?"

"We are right in shore now," said Bob. "Draw your cloak about you. Perhaps you can save the dress. Pshaw! I thought I was heading directly for Mr. Percival's pier, but this seems to be another place."

It was another place, and a very lonely one.

In the darkness and fog Bob could only distinguish a curious old stone house standing close to the beach, upon which he had pulled the boat.

The rain was pouring in torrents, and as there was not another house near, Bob helped Mattie out, seized the big album, and together they hurried up the beach, guided by a light which burned in one of the windows in the lower story of the house.

When they reached the spot Bob was surprised to find that the house was a mere ruin, scarcely fit for human habitation.

The door stood wide open, and when he had conducted Mattie in he found that they had the whole place to themselves.

There was no one there. When he called there was no answer. The room was dirty and bare; the plastering had fallen in heaps; even the floor seemed shaky, and the roof leaked so badly that the rain came pouring down into the lower hall over the stairs.

Yet in spite of all this there was a lantern hanging upon a nail driven into one of the window sashes, the feeble flame—for the lantern was lighted—shining out upon the bay.

"Well, upon my word, I'm much obliged to whoever left this lantern here," exclaimed Bob, after he had completed the exploration of the house

"Let us take possession of the room above this, Mattie. The windows are all whole up there, and you'll find it more comfortable. As soon as morning comes, and it won't be long,, I'll get a carriage and take you to New York."

This plan was agreed upon, and taking the lantern, Bob led the way upstairs.

As they were passing through the hall a gust of wind, sweeping through the open door below, extinguished the lantern.

"Bother!" cried Bob. "Of course you haven't got a match, Mattie?"

"I have not. Haven't you?"

"No. Now we've got to stay in the dark unless—— Hark! Don't you hear some one coming up the beach?"

"It seems to me I do."

"Stay where you are. I'll look out of the window and see who it is."

Hurrying to the end of the hall, Bob softly raised the window and peered down.

Two men were coming directly toward the house, bearing between them the body of a third.

Bob could scarcely repress a startled cry.

One of the men, the tallest, carried a lantern slung upon his arm, giving him full use of his hands.

The light struck directly upon the face of his companion, and in an instant Bob saw that he had got to do battle with his enemies again.

The man with the lantern was Moses Redmond, the other was Bill Jing, but the face of their apparently unconscious burden Bob could not see.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOB OVERHEARS A PLOT.

"Who is it? Can you see, Bob?" whispered Mattie Jing, moving toward our hero through the dark hall.

Bob, who was peering out of the window up on the second floor of the old stone house, where he and Mattie had found refuge from the rain, suddenly raised his hand warningly.

"It's your brother, and that rascal, Redmond. You know, the fellow that stole the album," he whispered. "They're bringing another fellow in. He's either dead or drunk, or something. If they get on to us, Mattie, that album's a goner, sure."

"Bill here! My brother!" breathed Mattie. "Just let me get at him! If I don't make him sorry for what he's done——"

"Hold on!" whispered Bob, holding her back. "Hold on, Mattie! You mustn't do it! You may be good enough for Bill, but Redmond would kill you for that album. Think of your father. I promised him I'd look out for the album, and Mattie, I—I've tried to. Keep still. Maybe they won't come up here. I only wish I hadn't taken the lantern now."

"Hark! They're coming in," said Mattie. "Let go of me, Bob. I promise to behave myself."

"You won't make a fuss?"

"No, I promise I will not. But where's the album?"

"I laid it down by the window. Come into the front room here, and keep perfectly still. I'll bring it to you. Maybe they won't stay long."

"They'll be sure to stay till the rain is over. I'm afraid there will be trouble before we are through with this business, Bob."

"If they come up here I'll pitch the album out of the back window," said Bob. "They must be made to believe that it was left on the steamer. I'd pitch it into the bay before Redmond should have it, anyhow."

"He's a bad man," replied Mattie, "and one who would stick at nothing to accomplish his purpose. He cheated father two or three times, and——"

"Hush!" whispered Bob. "Here they come." Sounds from below told them that Redmond and Bill had entered the house now.

Listening a moment, Bob heard them pass into the room beneath them and deposit their burden on the floor.

There was no difficulty in hearing all that passed, for the floor of the room in which Bob and Mattie were was broken in several places, and the voice of Bill Jing, who was the first to speak, sounded as plainly as if he had been right alongside of them.

"Say, Red, this is a great note," he began. "D'ye suppose there was many lives lost out there?"

"It wouldn't surprise me if half of them were dead by this time," answered Redmond.

"Wonder what steamer it was?"

"Don't ask me. I only hope it wasn't the Havana boat."

"Why?"

"Cause I know some one aboard of her."

"Who?"

"None of yer biz. Wasn't it lucky we happened down here just as we did. This feller's got a small fortune in diamonds onto him. Wonder what put the lantern out?"

"The wind, of course," growled Redmond. "Here, I'll strike a match and light up. Don't know whether it is lucky for us or not, Bill. Of course it spoils our plans. We can't go for old Percival's stamps to-night. The whole house must be aroused by the fire. Thunder! Some one's been here! The lantern's gone!"

A faint gleam of brightness stealing up through the cracks in the floor told Bob and Mattie that the match had been lighted and the discovery made.

Mattie clutched Bob's arm convulsively.

"Dear me! I never thought Bill was as bad as that," she breathed.

"Hush!" whispered Bob. "Not a word! Not a sound!"

"Some one's been here, sure!" Bill was heard to say. "Red, we'd better light out!"

"We've got to. Let's go through the fellow first, though. I don't propose to have all my trouble for nothing."

"I can't stand this," whispered Bob. "Mattie, I'm going for them. I——"

"No, you ain't!" breathed Mattie, holding him fast. "You can do nothing. Think of me if they were to kill you."

There was no mistaking the appeal, nor could Bob tear himself away without warning the villains below of their presence.

(To be Continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

KINDNESS WON HER RICHES.

Miss Marion L. Covert, a cripple, of Poughkeepsie N. Y., will receive \$150,000 left her by Gerald Thurston, a Chicago piano manufacturer, as the result of attentions shown him more than twenty years ago when she was six years old. Thurston died three years ago in Chicago. There will be a final accounting in Brooklyn, and Miss Covert will then receive the property willed to her. Miss Covert met Thurston in Marlborough while she was visiting relatives there and Thurston was boarding at a neighboring farmhouse. She gave him flowers and hunted the finest fruit in the orchards for him. He returned to Marlborough every summer and spent much time with the child. When he was in Chicago they exchanged letters and kept up the friendship. Miss Covert was surprised to learn that the aged man had left her most of his property. When seen the other night Miss Covert said she was very happy, but had not fully decided about her plans for the future, except that she would probably go to New York to live and have her parents make their home with her.

TURKEY BETRAYED?

Has Turkey been sold? The following story from Bucharest, if true, would go far to prove that the almighty dollar has played a leading part in the disaster that has overtaken Ottoman arms:

"Turkey was sold to King Ferdinand before he took the field. He had used part of his enormous private fortune through his agents in Constantinople to such effect that not only was he in possession of the most treasured secrets of the Turkish war office, but he was assured of the masterly inactivity of some of the leaders of the Turkish forces.

"If you will look at the direction and daring of Gen. Savoff's policy it becomes at once apparent that he had other forces to help him than those which were under his direct command. He would not have dared to face half the risks before him if money had not spoken.

"Dissensions between generals, unwise night attacks, unsupported movements, a policy of waiting and of fighting at the wrong moment, the occupation of strategic positions and the checkmate always awaiting the movements of generals who thought that they were about to surprise the enemy—these facts tell their own story.

"There is reason to believe the authorities in Constantinople know by now that King Ferdinand's purse has been at least as long as his arm."

MOTOR CYCLISTS AS ESCORT.

When Governor Wilson becomes President Wilson and rides down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington on the fourth day of March next, thirty motor cyclists from his old home state will be part of his escort.

The thirty motor cyclists are members of the Savannah (Ga.) Motor Cycle Club, and each rider has affixed his name to a written request that the motor cycle escort be accepted by Governor Wilson. This request has been for-

warded to the governor, and the motor cyclists are confident that the request will be granted.

Governor Wilson was born in Georgia. Mrs. Wilson at one time called Savannah "home." It is for these reasons particularly that the Savannah motor cyclists desire to do honor to the incoming President by forming part of his escort on the day of his inauguration.

It is understood that the Georgia Hussars, the oldest military organization in the State, will also escort Governor Wilson on March 4.

So confident are the Georgia motor cyclists that their request will be granted that the club is now making preparations for the event. The thirty riders are planning to ride to Washington from Savannah, starting on Feb. 25 and taking one week for the trip. They would expect to proceed in a leisurely way. The club of which they are members will give them a big "send-off."

Every member of the club is a member of the Federation of American Motor Cyclists, and the club itself is affiliated with the F. A. M.

GIANT FOREST PIG.

Africa is not only pre-eminently the land of mammals; it is the home of many large and curious beasts, says Dr. Frederick A. Lucas, director of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

From Alfred J. Klein the museum has received specimens of the giant forest pig, which have been mounted by F. Blaschke and placed on exhibition.

"For something like fifteen years," says Dr. Lucas, "it was suspected that the forests of Central Africa harbored some giant member of the hog family, but owing to the retiring habits of the animal it was not until 1904 that a specimen fell into the hands of a naturalist and the animal was properly introduced to the scientific world.

"Very little is known of this new acquisition at the museum, partly on account of the habits of the animal, which are nocturnal, and its abode in the tall grass of the jungle.

"The hunter forces his way through the bamboos and underbrush up to his eyes in grass—there is a grunt and a rush away and the game is never seen.

"On the slopes of Mount Kenia at an elevation of 6,000 feet, Carl E. Akeley found evidences of numbers of these pigs, their tracks following the elephant trails in that region.

The body of the forest pig is deep and heavy, and its head is long and equipped with upturned ferocious looking tusks. It is said to be quick and powerful when in action.

"It is quite probable that other curious specimens remain to be discovered," says Dr. Lucas, "although with the rapid opening up of the country and its exploration by sportsmen, it would seem that its possibilities must ere long be exhausted."

IN THE KLONDIKE

OR,

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR GOLD AND FAME

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIV (Continued)

"To be sure, sir, but I will take no money for it," the woman said, her greedy eyes fastened upon the leathern bag that he drew from the breast of his hunter's frock. "Just a moment, sir. My only daughter is ill, and I will fix up another bed for you. She has been so bad that I——"

"Do not let me turn your sick daughter out of her room," the stranger interrupted, politely. "I can rest in any corner, for I assure you that I am tired enough. A blanket before the fire will do, and I——"

A slight noise in the other room caused him to turn his head, and the next instant he had caught a glimpse of Vallera's face. One bound, and he had seized her by the arm, and drawing her forth into the larger and lighter room, he called huskily:

"My girl, who are you? What is your name?"

"My daughter, sir, who has been so ill," Mag whined, her eyes blazing, while she drew from her bosom a fearful looking knife, holding it up before Vallera's eyes, but where she stood the stranger could not see it. "Come, dearie—come back to bed agin. What made ye get up, honey?"

Her hand was on Vallera's arm, but with a cry of fear the girl clung to her new protector, and seeing that the game was up, with an oath the hag made a motion to draw a revolver, but the unknown was quicker.

"None of that," he said, sternly, covering the old fiend with his weapon. "You cannot fool me! I want you to go and stand in that corner with your face to the wall. First, lay that knife and revolver on the table. There now, do not move until I bid you, or I'll fire. The first sign of treachery seals your doom."

Muttering something about being innocent and meaning no harm, she obeyed him. Then he turned to the trembling girl, asking hoarsely:

"Tell me what is your name. Do not keep me in suspense, for I could swear that my wife, my dear dead love, lost to me forever—in this life—had come back from the grave. Your name, my child, your name!"

Looking at him Vallera felt her heart grow warm and tender toward this man. She had no fear, nothing save friendship and trust.

"My name is Vallera De Toures, and my father——"

"Stands before you!" burst from the stranger's lips, and he caught her in his arms. "Oh, my child, my long-lost little daughter. Heaven has given you back to me after all these years, and Henri De Toures and his wicked wife,

have not had their revenge after all. They have caused me misery enough, but my time has come. Vallera, do you doubt that I am your father?"

"I know you are my father," she smiled, leaning her head upon his breast. "My heart told me so the moment I looked into your eyes."

"My darling," and the father kissed her tenderly. "Some day I will tell you the whole sad tale. It would take too long now. Let us get away from this fearful place before——"

A sound of many voices came suddenly to their ears, and springing to the door, he barred it, saying hurriedly:

"They have discovered my hiding place and we must fight for our lives. Heaven help us, my child, for——"

"Vallera! Vallera!" called a voice, and at the sound of it the girl gave a cry of joy.

"Allie's voice!" she cried. "Allie, Allie, I have found my father, my own dear father!"

It was the searching party, and five minutes later Vallera was standing between father and sweetheart, an arm of each about her. Her story was soon told, and then they wended their way homeward, leaving Mag to await the arrival of Rex Bouton and his temper.

It was a happy night all around, and when a messenger was sent for Judge Darrell, and he went hastily to Vallera's home, only to find his beloved nephew alive and well, his joy knew no bounds. Basil who suspected something followed him, and peeping through the window, saw it all. Not a word did he say, but creeping quietly back home again, he proceeded to rifle his uncle's desk and safe, an undertaking that was more than profitable, for he had a difficult task in finding a way to carry the money which was not his own. Still he did not hesitate or falter. He managed to get away with it all. Leaving a cool, impudent note behind him, regretting his departure, he quietly went forth from the home that had sheltered him, leaving his uncle—a beggar! And from that day they never met again. He was never even heard of by one of the family. So he never faced Alain after his crime of attempted murder.

However, Judge Darrell was not left a beggar, for through Alain and Vallera, he once more built up another fortune. Gilbert Forrest, Vallera's father, was also very wealthy, and by and by he told her the story of her life. We will not repeat it, for it was the old, old story of hatred and revenge, a stolen child, a mother dying of a broken heart, and Heaven at last making all things right. As

for the guilty ones, Henri De Toures was killed over a game of cards in "The Delphine," and his wife returned to Paris. Rex Bouton was shot in the Klondike for stealing his partner's gold.

And now, we will leave our heroine and her hero. They are still in the Klondike, and will remain there for many a day yet. Fortune smiles upon them, and old and young, rich and poor, high and low, all love and reverence the Princess of the Klondyke.

THE END.

A NEW SERIAL

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE TITLE WILL BE

NED, BESS AND MYSELF

OR,

The Search for the King's Lost Gold Mine

BY ED. KING

BE SURE TO READ IT

NEXT WEEK

U. S. ARMY HORSE PROVED INFERIOR.

The need of better horses for the United States army was emphasized at the late horse show. The breed of these horses is improving year by year, yet at the show they appeared distinctly inferior to the horses ridden by the English, Belgian and Dutch army officers. All the European powers maintain great establishments to provide remounts for their cavalry and artillery.

Capt. Guy V. Henry, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., instructor in the mounted service school at Fort Riley, Kansas, said in the closing hours of the show:

"The public must have realized at the show that our horses are not as good as those of foreign armies. And the pick of our horses were at the show. I sincerely hope that public opinion will persuade Congress to provide the remounts we should have."

Lieut. E. Van Dooven of the Belgian army said:

"The American army officers showed marked improvement in their horsemanship, and their mounts were better. I have watched them with keen interest for two years at the exhibitions in Stockholm and London. International complications have much to do with the improvement. Besides some of the gentlemen of the American National Association have given stallions to the remount depots of the United States army. This displays the finest patriotism."

Col. P. A. Kenna, who won the Victoria Cross in the Soudan, and who was the hero of the horse show, said: "On the other side, officers have realized for a long time the need of foresight in regard to remounts. I can see there is a change here. In a little while the same will be true with the mounted service of your army."

The three Holand Hussars who took the lion's share of prizes—Lieuts. Labouchere, Coblyn and Mathon—were reticent.

"Next year when we meet again, we will tell what we think of the American cavalry horse," they said.

NOW HEADS EXPLORATION.

Leo E. Miller of Indianapolis left that city recently for the upper Orinoco Valley, in South America, as the head of an expedition sent there by the Museum of Natural History. In February, 1911, Miller went to Colombia with a museum expedition, but in a far different capacity. He went that time "for experience," and at his own expense. He was a tenderfoot. He had never been any distance from his home town before in his life.

The reason for the decided elevation of his place in this expedition is his remarkable success in the last one. Though he was only an amateur bird enthusiast and student, according to his own summing up of his attainments at that time, he succeeded in securing the one great trophy sought by the party.

It was partly for the purpose of making a biological survey of certain sections of Colombia that the museum sent out the party, but the special purpose was to secure, if possible, specimens of the cock-of-the-rock, one of the most beautiful of the feathered folk of the tropics, as well as one of the rarest. Little was known then of its habits, and specimens of it were possessed by only a few museums in the world.

When all others gave up the task Miller strove to find the bird, and did. He brought back eighteen specimens, as well as many eggs and nests, though he nearly lost his life several times. The museum, through his work and direction, has the best collection of that rare bird now known.

Before he returned, in September of the present year, Miller had been a regular member of the museum staff. Now he goes out as head of the present expedition, which will be of a year's duration.

The purpose of the present trip of exploration is somewhat akin to the preceding one. The country traversed will be studied, as will the birds and mammals, specimens of which will be brought back by the party.

In February, 1911, the other expedition started out with Frank M. Chapman, curator of birds, in charge. Colombia was the destination. Later Mr. Chapman and an artist of the party left Miller, who continued his explorations southward, finally going into a practically unknown country, the Cocal. The pack mules were discarded, and Indians were engaged to carry the outfits. The only inhabitants met in the Cocal were a few degenerate negroes and Indians. In all, Miller and his Indians tramped fifteen hundred miles. The suffering was so great that several times he was tempted to turn back. He reached Noanama, which place he called the sickliest in the world. He traveled about twice the distance on rafts and in a small boat that he did on foot.

In his long journey Miller discovered, besides the sickliest place, one which he considered the most healthful.

As the region to which the latest expedition is going is considered one of the richest for exploration, museum officials said there was every possibility of a great quantity of valuable material and information being obtained. On the last expedition twenty-four hundred specimens of birds and mammals were collected.

FROM ALL POINTS

Everybody tips his hat at Harvard these days. The custom has been growing gradually for several years and it is now in full bloom. Every student of the university—and there are over 5,000 of them—tips his hat to President Lowell when he meets him on the street or in the yard, and the chief executive of Harvard returns the silent greeting in like manner. The students universally recognize Dean LeBaron Russell Briggs and Dean Byron S. Hurlbutt and several other widely known members of the Harvard faculty by tipping the hat. Students in the courses at the college are expected to tip their hats to the professors or assistant professors whether they know them personally or not. The line is drawn against the instructors, however.

Dr. Philip Newton, lecturer and investigator of the National Museum in Washington, D. C., who has just returned from the Philippines, believes that the diminutive negroes called the Negritos, who are found in the mountains of all the larger islands of the Philippine group, are the original natives of the Philippines. "They have been gradually driven into the mountains by superior forces," said Dr. Newton, "and I presume there are not more than 25,000 of them in the islands. They are the perfect type of savage. They have no houses, wear no clothing and live by hunting. Occasionally—very occasionally—they grow a little rice. They use poisoned arrows and are very similar in stature and habits to the African dwarfs. The men are usually four feet six or seven inches in height, and the women about four feet five inches. Among themselves they think nothing of murder. In the northeastern part of Luzon there are large bodies of them in a district never yet penetrated by white men.

Yale's football coaching headquarters were closed Nov. 24 for the season. Head Coach Howe has gone to his home in New Jersey, and will devote the remainder of this school year to Y. M. C. A. work. He may study law later. Line Coach McDevitt has gone to Annapolis to drill the navy guards this week, and Scully and Vaughan have gone to their homes. Yale's football receipts for the season will amount to about \$70,000. This includes \$34,000 from the Harvard game, \$28,000 from the Princeton game, \$10,000 from the Brown game, and the remainder from the minor contests. This will be easily increased by \$100,000 another year with the opening of the new concrete stadium at Yale and the game in the Harvard stadium. Yale's outlook for next season is fair, with Talbott, Ketcham, Pendleton, Warren, Avery, Flynn, Carter, Arnold, Pumelly, Markle, Castles and Cornell, of this fall's veterans, in the squad. Ketcham, centre, will probably be elected 1913 captain next week. In case the present coaching system is continued, Spalding, Philbin, Bomeisler and Cooney will probably be the coaching staff for next season.

It has just been reported that the concession conveying possession of the harbor of St. Thomas, West Indies, to a powerful syndicate of Danish financiers has now been revoked and control has passed back to the Danish government. It is stated that the revocation was due to demonstrations made in Denmark against it because of the possibility of the syndicate transferring the concession to a foreign power. Germany was the nation chiefly feared in this connection. Rumors of the possible German acquisition of St. Thomas, now held by Denmark, were first heard many years ago, when Denmark wanted to interest the United States in purchasing the island. Captain Christmas came to this country and offered the island for \$4,000,000. Since then, at intervals, the story has been circulated that an international syndicate was on the point of acquiring St. Thomas and that Germany wanted to buy or lease it as a naval base in western waters. Such a suggestion is absolutely fantastic, and was never seriously considered by the state department.

Culture of bacteria that cause diseases among rats and other rodents have been used for several years as means for exterminating these pests. Experiments made with several different species of bacteria in the tropics have in many cases given inconclusive results; but the experimentation is being continued. In Jamaica, where the rats cause a yearly loss of half a million dollars to the cocoa plant, a special study has been made of this method of rat extermination. Since 1908 there has been at work a government commission on the extermination of rats. After trying and discarding poisons and traps, the commission turned to the use of a virus. It soon came to the conclusion that the cultures prepared in Europe underwent certain deteriorative changes because of the heat and light and thus lost their efficacy. In some cases the imported cultures even imparted to the rats a certain immunity against further inoculation. It is always necessary to use the virus fresh and in sufficient quantities. Mr. Cousins, director of the agriculture for the colony, undertook the study of a virus adapted to the tropics and succeeded, after a year, in producing encouraging results with a virus prepared in his laboratory. The virus is inoculated into rats that are then set free. Mr. Ashby, chief of the government laboratory at Kingston, states that the rats infected with the cultures died in from three to five days. If they become infected naturally there is a period of several days during which they do not seem to suffer at all; then the symptoms develop rapidly, leading to many deaths. He confirms the view that the virus prepared in cold countries fails to do the desired work in the tropics. The best results were obtained by making sub-cultures of the imported virus at Kingston, then inoculating a number of rats and setting them at liberty. These rats died in a few days, in the meanwhile spreading the contagion to other rats. The dead rats are eaten by the survivors, thus continuing the work of extermination even after their death.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Vernon Jordan, 17 years old, fell with his rifle at Saranac Lake, N. Y., Nov. 29, while hunting rabbits, and received a bullet in the groin. This is the thirty-sixth hunting accident in New York State this fall. Several of those shot are dead. Many of the victims were mistaken for deer. The game season is not closed on rabbits, and the list of casualties is likely to be still greater before it is over.

The entire number of men engaged on both sides in the battle of Gettysburg was 160,000; Federal, 90,000, Confederates, 70,000. The losses were 53,432, about equally divided between the Blue and the Gray. During the three days' fighting the aggregate amount of lead and iron shot at each other by the two armies was 566 tons. In the light of this fact the wonder is that the losses were not much greater.

The steel gasoline schooner Osprey and her crew of six men were lost at the entrance of the port of Marshfield, Oregon, Nov. 1, when the vessel crashed into the jetty in a heavy sea. Captain Jacobson tried to bring the schooner in over the bar, where the waves were running mountains high, but the wind failed him and his boat was swept down on the jetty. Christofferson, the aviator, with a newspaper reporter, made two trips out over the wrecked vessel in his biplane, but could do nothing to save the crew.

The Barber freighter St. Quentin brought in from Buenos Ayres the other day a lone passenger named Joseph R. Jordan, who has been sailing the seas for two years, covering a distance of 39,000 miles. His home is in Santa Barbara, Cal., and as soon as he was discharged from the St. Quentin he started for the Pacific coast. Jordan went up to San Francisco in November, 1910, and after making merry for several nights woke up one morning on board a tramp steamship bound for Japan. When he got to Yokohama he made merry again and deliberately hired himself out aboard a freighter for Europe via Suez. Later he sailed up and down the African coast and finally crossed to Buenos Ayres, where he was taken aboard the St. Quentin as a passenger.

The Bank of France continues its rigid restriction of payments in gold, but is issuing enormous quantities of bank notes in small denominations of 50 francs, or \$10, and is putting a large amount of silver in circulation. Americans and others going shopping receive piles of big silver five-franc pieces in change for their payments by bank notes, and it is a common sight to see customers proceeding to their bankers to get checks cashed holding canvas bags in their hands to receive cumbersome heaps of silver coins. In fact, some banks supply these bags gratis. Leading financiers expect considerable shipments of gold to the United States as a natural consequence of the splendid American crops. The monetary situation there is unsatisfactory, owing to the political outlook, and to the popular tendency to hoard gold so as to be ready for any emergency.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"Whatever you do, dear," wrote the ardent lover, "don't show my letters to you to any one." "Have no fear, dearest," came the reply. "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are." And, with that, the engagement became a matter of history.

Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Casey, "some wan told me husband Pat he c'd have his pants pressed be lettin' th' steam roller run over thim, an' Pat troid th' scheme!" "Well, phy do you cry?" asked her friend, Mrs. Garrity. "Oh!" wailed the wife, "Pat forgot t' take th' pants off first!"

"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?" "Well, suh," said the waiter, who was something of a philosopher as well, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked. "I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy. "Didn't the brakeman say something just now?" "No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed." "Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."

In a South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door. "Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checkerboard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

THE CRAIGSTON MYSTERY.

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

I received a telegram from my old friend Jerome Barker one Saturday night, summoning me to his house in the town of Ashton.

I left New York the same night, for the tone of the telegram was most urgent. This is a copy:

"Ashton, October —, 188—.

"Come at once. Must see you without delay."

Jerome Barker was a man well advanced in years. He was poor. An unlucky speculation had impoverished him. He was a widower. One child, a lovely daughter, who was the joy and sunlight of his home, had been spared to him.

She was pure and good, gentle and affectionate. The ideal of womankind was she, and I considered myself a particularly happy man, because she was my affianced wife.

Jerome Barker resided on the outskirts of the country village, in an old tumble-down structure that had once been the pride of the county.

Charles Craigston, a wealthy sea captain, built the place but ten years before he was mysteriously murdered, and the place fell to decay, and passed into other hands.

To the day of which I am writing the secret of who killed Charles Craigston had not been solved, and it seemed that it never would be.

I was not in the country at the time of the Craigston murder, and had no hand in the investigation of the case.

Upon my arrival at Ashton I hurried on foot in the direction of Mr. Barker's. My heart was full of joy. I was soon to enfold the girl I loved in my fond embrace. But I was also curious. I could not help wondering what Mr. Barker could want of me.

Reaching his residence, I was surprised to find it closed. There was no evidence that anyone was at home. The blinds were drawn.

I knocked. No answer. I tried the door. It was fastened. I was somewhat alarmed. Passing to the rear, I tried the door there. This was also secured. All was silence. It oppressed me.

Filled with misgivings, I took a seat on the porch.

"I'll wait a reasonable time for their return," I thought. I supposed they were not out of town. They would not have left after telegraphing me to come at once. Of this I was confident.

It was evening. As the shadows lengthened I became more and more uneasy.

"Why do they not return?"

Again and again I asked myself this question. I could not answer it.

I waited an hour longer. Then I set out for the village. I knew my affianced and her father had some good friends there. The residences of these friends I visited, but no trace of Nellie or her father could I find. No one had seen that day. I was now positively alarmed.

Accompanied by some of the people of the town, I returned to the residence of Mr. Barker. The premonition of impending calamity was strong upon me.

We reached the house. The door was forced. The interior revealed. There was no one there. The house

was deserted. The sitting-room was in confusion, and everywhere there were signs of a struggle. I felt that I had discovered the evidence of a crime.

"This house is fatal!" I cried.

"Why so?" a neighbor asked.

"Craigston was murdered here. Now Mr. Barker and his daughter have either been murdered and their bodies concealed, or they have been abducted," I replied.

"Do you think that?" he asked.

"I do."

I sprang to my feet. I was excited.

"I'll find the trail of the assassins or the abductors, and, heaven helping me, I'll track them down if it takes a lifetime to accomplish the task," I said.

I began the investigation. I found the tracks of several men. They wore rough boots with large nails in the soles. The tracks led through the garden. They entered the meadow at the rear of the house. Beyond was the wooded mountains. The forest there swept away for miles. The mountains were inhabited.

A rude class of people—lumbermen and charcoal burners—dwell in isolated cabins there.

It struck me that the abductors of my affianced and her father had gone to the mountains.

In the meadow the grass was thick. Here the trail was lost. I could follow it no farther. What was to be done? I knew not. Upon whom should I call for assistance?

"We may as well turn back. The trail is lost," I said.

I thought I would organize a party and search the mountains. At this moment an old backwoodsman strode forward.

"I've got a dog to hum that are lightnin' on trailin'. He's a bloodhound from Georgia. Sold his parents to an Uncle Tom show. Got right smart fer 'em, too. Specs I better send Belija Billdad—that's my youngest son, this ere likely cub yere—arter Hunkidora, which are the name o' my bloodhound purp. Bet a coonskin he'll track yer men down fer ye."

"Send the boy for the hound, by all means. Delay not a moment. I'll pay you well." These remarks I made quickly.

"All right, guvner, I'm off," said the boy, and he started on a run for his father's cottage.

We awaited his return. If the dog proved of service, there was still hope that I might find the missing ones.

But what had puzzled me was to find the motive for this outrage. Why had Nellie and her father been carried off? Therein lay the mystery. There was never yet a crime committed without a motive. Mr. Barker was a poor man, and to my knowledge he had no enemies. Nellie was beloved by all. She had no suitor save myself. It seemed that no one in the world could gain anything by her abduction or that of her father.

At last the boy, Belija Billdad, arrived. He led a huge hound. The animal was yellow. He was, moreover, the most savage looking specimen I ever saw in my life.

Meanwhile the boy had put the hound on the trail. The creature uttered a long-drawn howl. Then he darted away. With long and rapid bounds he dashed across the field. We followed.

We reached the forest-clad mountain. For hours and

hours we continued our pursuit. The hound was never at fault.

Day grew to a close. The night came on, and the sky became overcast.

"Looks like rain," said the owner of the hound.

"So it does, and should it rain, will not the trail be lost? The water will destroy the scent," I said.

"That's right, cap; but I do hope, arter all the trouble we've tuck, it won't up and rain and knock us out in that way," replied the old woodsman.

After that we anxiously watched the threatening heavens until the darkness became complete and we could no longer do so. The hours wore on. Midnight came. The sky began to lighten. The moon came out. Still no rain.

"We are all right now, and from the actions o' Hunkidora, I take it we are comin' to our game," said the old woodsman.

"Better be cautious now, dad," said the boy Billdad.

After this we advanced with circumspection.

Presently the report of a rifle rang out. Mingled with the detonation of the discharge came a terrible howl.

"Oh, sufferin' Samson! They hev shot the purp. Oh, Hunkidora! Hunkidora!" cried the old woodsman.

As he spoke he bounded forward, gun in hand. Myself and the others followed. A moment later, bursting through a thicket, we came upon a cleared space. There was a ledge of rocks there. In the ledge was the opening of a cave.

A man stood there with a smoking rifle in his hand. At his feet lay the dead body of a hound.

The old woodsman uttered a yell of rage at the sight.

Bang!

Thus his rifle spoke. He fired at the man who stood at the entrance of the cave. The bullet struck him. He fell. We all rushed to him.

At that moment a scream from within the cave reached my ears. I entered it. I had recognized the voice. It was that of Nellie Barker.

Within the cave I found her. I also found her father. Both were prisoners, bound hand and foot. Quickly I severed their bonds. Then a hurried explanation followed.

"The reason I telegraphed for you was this," said Mr. Barker.

Then he continued as follows: "Although I have always kept it a profound secret from all, even from Nellie, she is my daughter by adoption only. She was left at my door when a mere thing not more than two years old. My wife took her and cared for her, and our hearts went out to her as though she were our own child.

"A few days ago a strange, dark-looking man called at my house. He made a good many inquiries, and led me to talk of the past. Finally he asked me if I did not find a little girl infant at my door seventeen years ago. I did not deny it.

"Nellie entered the room. At the sight of her the stranger was strangely agitated, and when Nellie was gone he said:

"That girl is the infant who was left at your door."

Then he went on to say that the child was his own, that he had been obliged to desert her, and that he had come now only to assure himself that she yet lived. In conclusion he said:

"I find her in good hands. Keep her as your own daughter always."

Soon after he was gone. That very night, after dark, I saw him lurking near the house; and last night, as we were about retiring for the night, the door was dashed open, and the stranger who claimed to be Nellie's father and two other men, all strangers to me, entered. We were seized, bound and hurried here. The cause of the outrage I cannot comprehend. An hour ago all the men but the one who claimed to be Nellie's father left. He remained on guard.

This was Mr. Barker's story.

As he concluded the boy Billdad entered the cave and said:

"The man dad winged is dyin' and he wants to speak wid you."

Accompanied by the others, I hastened from the cave.

"I have a confession to make," said the dying man as we reached his side.

"I am not that girl's father, but I know who she is. She is the only child and lawful heiress of Captain Craigston, who was murdered years ago. She was stolen the night of the murder by the man I employed to kill Craigston. That man told me he drowned the child; but a month ago he told me had lied, and directed me where to find the girl.

"I caused the death of Captain Craigston for revenge.

"A few months ago I learned that an immense estate in England had been left to Captain Craigston or his heirs. Advertisements appeared in New York and Canada papers saying the said Craigston had last been heard from in America. I satisfied myself that the man whose death I had caused was the Craigston wanted, so I determined to abduct his only heiress, force her to marry me, and through her gain possession of the English fortune.

"That I also abducted her father was to cause the girl to yield, threatening to kill him if she refused to become my wife."

This was the confession of the assassin, for such he was at heart. Though I knew it not, I had been trailing the assassin of Captain Craigston. The mystery of that murder was a mystery no more.

"In a jewel case in my residence—rooms in the city—the address of which you will find on this card, you will find a locket containing the evidence of the identity of the girl," added the dying man with his last breath.

Next day Nellie and I visited the dead man's rooms.

Nellie sank into a chair, agitated and nervous, while I opened a jewel case on the table and took out the locket.

It contained the needed papers to establish Nellie's claim to the fortune, and in due time she received it.

Within the year we were married.

The mileage of our blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 6,320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life, it would have traveled in that time 5,150,808 miles.

GOOD READING

Officials were surprised recently at Montgomery, Ala., when a winsome young woman called and requested that she be permitted to shine their boots. She proved to be Miss Evelyn Altofair, originally of Nashville, Tenn., who started out from Mobile six months ago on a "shoe shining" tour of the United States to win a wager of \$1,500 and convince the world that a woman can do anything she sets her mind to. Under the agreement she is to go into every State in the Union, making her living throughout by blacking shoes.

According to the latest reports from Monastir the Turkish garrison did not surrender, but fled in all directions, leaving a large amount of war material behind. After the terrific battle which preceded the fall of the city, most of the Turkish soldiers fled in the direction of Florina, fifteen miles to the southeast, pursued by the Servian cavalry. The Turks lost 20,000 killed and wounded in the battle, and the Servian casualties were also very heavy. The Crown Prince of Servia made his entry into the city the other day.

While the new variety of glass known as quartz or acid glass is valuable from the fact that it resists heat and does not crack when suddenly heated and cooled, so that various apparatus can be made of it, such glass has a tendency to crystallize when heated for a long time near the melting point. This makes the glass mechanically weaker and it changes more with heat. A new glass made by M. Thomas does not become devitrified in this way, and he obtains it by using silica to which is added a small amount of certain metallic oxides, these being acid oxides, especially zirconium or titanium oxides. As small an amount as 0.1 per cent. is enough to increase the mechanical resistance by 20 to 50 per cent. and the general properties are much superior. He considers that the glass contains a colloid solution of oxides, so as to hinder crystallization.

Will H. Rittle, a mountain farmer living near Lead Hill, Ark., came to town recently with his family of a wife and twenty children to "trade." He is the head of one of those families whose individual members are outfitted from head to foot once in a year, and that at the beginning of winter. The family arrived in town in the evening and camped over night near the creek that flows through Lead Hill. They were making their purchases before 6 o'clock next morning, and the goods they bought almost filled their wagon. Twenty-two pairs of shoes made the most interesting display. Mr. and Mrs. Rittle were married twenty-one years ago. Their twenty children include two sets of twins. The oldest child is twenty years old, and the youngest, twins, are four months old. There are eleven boys and nine girls. All the young Rittles are strong and healthy, and Mrs. Rittle, who is forty-one years of age, looks to be but little older than her oldest daughter.

For twenty years of faithful service as the only woman keeper of a seacoast light, Mrs. E. A. Fish of Point Pinos, near Pacific Grove, Cal., has received the United States government efficiency medal and a letter of recommendation from the chief of the lighthouse service. The decoration is in the form of a solid gold star, surrounded by a circle of red enamel, bearing the letters "U. S. L. H. S." and "Efficiency." Mrs. Fish has had full charge of Point Pinos light since the death in 1892 of her husband. Point Pinos light was established in 1852 and is one of the few of the early structures still in perfect condition. It is situated at the end of Monterey peninsula, three miles from Monterey, and marks the entrance to the bay. Other women are caring for harbor lights, but Mrs. Fish is the only one in the United States in full charge of a seacoast light.

Carl Warr, the German laborer who held possession of the Central police station at Los Angeles, Nov. 20, for more than an hour, threatening to blow up the place with an infernal machine which he carried, said his right name was Carl Reidelbach. The man collapsed from the wounds dealt to him by James Hosick, city detective, who struck him over the head with a blackjack. Police surgeons say he will die. The prisoner denied he intended to blow up the police station. He said his only purpose was to have the police help him to meet the head of the Pacific Electric Company, to whom he wanted to show his machine. "I did not even want to hurt him. I merely was going to show him my machine and tell him I would blow him up unless he raised the wages of his workmen and otherwise improved their condition. One of the finest features of my machine is that, instead of pulling a trigger to set it off, one has to hold three triggers to prevent it from going off."

For the first time since 1896 Ebenezer Henderson, a bachelor and a Democrat, who lives on a small farm between Olivet and Eaton Rapids, Mich., has had his hair cut. His friends say that they hardly recognize him with his thirty-six inches of long locks missing, but Ebenezer doesn't mind that, so great is his relief. In 1896 Henderson, who is Eaton's most enthusiastic Democrat, stated to his friends that he would not visit a barber shop until the Democrats had succeeded in placing their man in the White House. Bryan was the party candidate that year, and Henderson did not expect that he would have to wait more than a few weeks. However, the great leader was beaten, and Henderson was doomed to four years without a hair cut. Defeats in 1900, 1904, 1908 gave Henderson no opportunity to lose his hair and he became one of the unique sights in the county. After the election of Wilson Henderson hitched up his horse and drove to Bellevue, where a barber worked for one forenoon shearing his hair. The longest measured nearly thirty-six inches and almost filled a bushel basket.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

SHERMAN LEFT ALL TO WIFE.

The will of the late Vice President James S. Sherman, filed for probate at Utica, N. Y., was drawn April 23, 1887, and by one clause bequeaths the entire estate to his wife, Mrs. Carrie B. Sherman. The will was written on foolscap paper in Mr. Sherman's own handwriting. The witnesses were Myron W. Van Auken and H. D. Pitcher of Utica. There is nothing to indicate the value of the estate other than the executor's petition, which states that there is property worth more than \$10,000. However, it is understood the estate will approximate \$800,000 in value.

FLYING BOAT FOR THE NAVY.

Lieut. T. Gelison of the aeroplane department of the United States Navy, the other day witnessed the final tests of the flying boat, a new type of hydro-aeroplane built by Glenn H. Curtiss for the navy department. The test was witnessed at the Curtiss aviation station in Hammondsport and the machine attained a speed of 59.5 miles an hour, carrying an operator and 200 pounds extra weight. The machine tested is intended for special use in the navy and is designed so as to be launched from the deck of a moving battleship.

AUSTRALIA AWAITS HER NAVY.

Australia is already beginning to enthuse over the proposed reception to be given her navy, the battle cruiser Sydney and the swift cruiser Melbourne, which is fitting out in England preparatory to their journey to home waters, and it is assured that a great patriotic demonstration will mark their arrival.

The new war vessels will make the voyage by way of the Suez canal, going down the African east coast, calling at Durban and making a stay of some days at Cape Town, this last upon the urgent invitation of the government of the Union of South Africa. The ships will be manned by a mixed crew of officers and men of the royal navy and the Australian Naval Reserve.

The first lot of officers and instructors for the Royal Naval College at Geelong, now on the way from England, are expected at Melbourne within a few days, and they will at once give attention to the tenders of the plans and specifications which are to be issued for the building of the permanent naval college at Gervis bay, New South Wales, the port of the new commonwealth capital.

HUNTERS GET PLENTY OF BEARS.

The season's bear hunting in British Columbia has been exceptionally good from the hunter's standpoint, the game being unusually plentiful and some of the slain veritable giants, grizzlies, silvertips, cinnamons, blacks and one or two creamy Kermodes up in the Bella Coola mountains.

One big cinnamon weighing 790 pounds was lately shot while industriously employed in digging potatoes by a Chi-

nese rancher who failed to appreciate his agricultural zeal. Twenty miles south of Coleman a grizzly weighing 920 pounds was shot by a rancher named Sutherland, and on Operator Mountain, Groundhog district, four grizzlies were shot in a single day by F. S. Jennings and William Waldon, whose cache they had raided and whose horses were attacked by the quartet of bears when they came upon them. One of the horses was so badly clawed that it had to be destroyed.

In Silverdale, Creston, a grizzly cub was shot in a tree by 16-year-old Miss Israel, the mother bear politely and providentially not appearing on the scene. In the Similkameen Government Surveyor Chipman was so badly mauled by a grizzly that for several days his recovery was despaired of.

Up in the Barkerville district Frank Kibbee, a veteran trapper, was all but killed by a monster grizzly which had broken clear of the trap in which he had been taken. The opportune arrival of Frank Connors, his trapping mate, saved Kibbee's life and cost that of the bear. The man is still in a precarious condition at the Barkerville general hospital, where Dr. M. Callanan is attending him.

PLANS LONGEST AIR FLIGHT.

In celebration of his first anniversary as an aviator George A. Gray of Boston, holder of several aviation records, both for skill and endurance, plans a Boston-Seattle flight, carrying in his machine a passenger, who will be his mechanic, Chauncey Redding.

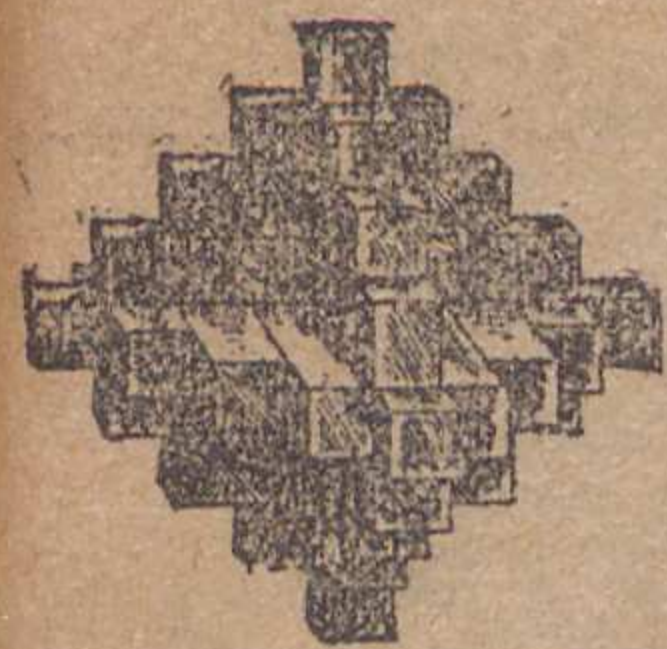
Gray's feat, if accomplished, will be the greatest of its kind on record, for by the completion of the journey he will not only hold the endurance title, but the speed record as well, the former by reason of the length of the trip and the latter because he expects to fly from Boston to Chicago in twenty-four hours without alighting once.

"My plan may seem impossible to the layman," said Gray, "but after long consideration and close study I am convinced it is entirely feasible. In the first place, it entails a trip of more than 4,000 miles—nearly 5,000, to be exact, counting digressions from the main line between Boston and Seattle.

"As they used to say on the plains, I shall ride light—that is, there will be nothing on the machine but what is absolutely necessary to sustain flight. Of course on the first leg—the longest of all—that from Boston to Chicago, we plan to carry along some sandwiches. But outside of such a light lunch there will be nothing doing in the eating line for either of us until we reach the Windy City.

"For the trip I shall have two Burgess Wright biplanes, one to be used regularly, the other in case of emergency, and the last referred to will be as fully equipped as the one we shall leave Boston in for Chicago.

"We shall be able to carry forty gallons of gasoline, and this should sustain us for the first planned leg of the trip. The start will be made in April."



GIANT SAW PUZZLE.

This puzzle contains twenty-one pieces of wood nicely finished; take them apart and put them together same as illustrated. Everybody would like to try it, as it is very fascinating. Price, by mail, postpaid, 25c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DELUSION TRICK.



A magic little box in three parts that is very mystifying to those not in the trick. A coin placed on a piece of paper disappears by dropping a nickel ring around it from the magic box. Made of hard wood two inches in diameter. Price, 12c.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

COMICAL RUBBER STAMPS.



A complete set of five grotesque little people made of indestructible rubber mounted on black walnut blocks. The figures consist of Policeman, Chinaman, and other laughable figures as shown in pictures. As each figure is mounted on a separate block, any boy can set up a regular parade or circus by printing the figures in different positions. With each set of figures we send a bottle of colored ink, an ink pad and full instructions. Children can stamp these pictures on their toys, picture books, writing paper and envelopes, and they are without doubt the most amusing and entertaining novelty gotten up in years. Price of the complete set of Rubber Stamps, with ink and ink pad, only 18c., 3 sets for 25c., one dozen 90c., by mail postpaid.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUMPING TELESCOPE.



This is an oblong tube in exact imitation of a telescope. By looking through it, reveals one highly magnified picture of a dancer or other subject. It contains on the side a button, which the victim is told to press for a change of picture. Instead of another picture appearing, the entire inside part shoots out, as shown in illustration. It is entirely harmless, but gives the victim a genuine scare.

Price, 15c. each; 2 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE FLUTOPHONE.



A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the center. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We send full instructions with each instrument. Price, 15c., or 2 for 25c., by mail, postpaid.

A. A. WARFORD, 16 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Sure Fire
Accuracy
Penetration

The World's Record Holders

Remington-UMC .22 cal. cartridges have broken two records in two years.

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

Remington-UMC .22's are made, too, with hollow point bullets. This increases their shocking and killing power.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway New York City

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

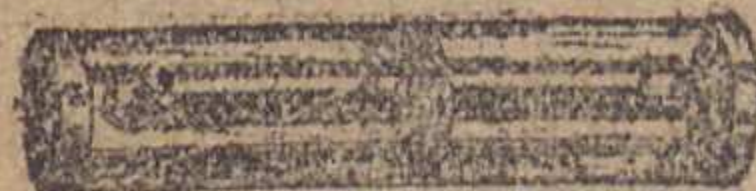
JAPANESE TRICK KNIFE.



You can show the knife and instantly draw it across your finger, apparently cutting deep into the flesh. The red blood appears on the blade of the knife, giving a startling effect to the spectators. The knife is removed and the finger is found in good condition. Quite an effective illusion.

Price 10c. each by mail. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SEE-SAW PUZZLE.



The most absorbing puzzle seen for years. The kind you sit up half the night to do. The puzzle is to get both balls, one in each pocket.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nicked tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer.

Price 25c. by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.



FALSE MUSTACHES, BEARDS, ETC.

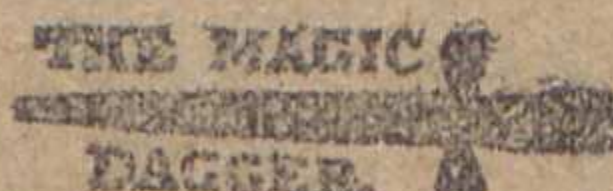
Mustaches 15c. each, 2 for 25c.; full beards and side whiskers, 75c. each. Can be had in five colors—gray, red, dark brown, light brown and black. Name Color you want. Address CHAS. UNGER, Dept 5, 316 Union Street, Jersey City, N. J.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. This road of mouth, always startling, greatest thing yet. Antenna and mystify your friends. Watch like a horse; white like a puppy; plug like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents; for 25 cents or 10 for 50 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. K. BARNHARTOWN, N.J.**

MYSTERY, MAGIC AND FUN.

250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune Telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c. Postpaid. CHAS. UNGER, 316 Union Street, Dept. 5, Jersey City, N. J.



A WONDERFUL ILLUSION. You can stab a friend. Your friend is not injured in the least. It will startle all. Price 12c. each, or 3 for 35c. CHAS. UNGER, 316 Union St., Dept. 5, Jersey City, N. J.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



VANISHING AND RE-APPEARING EGG.—Very fine, easy to perform and it produces a marvelous and mystifying effect. Egg is made to appear and vanish right before the eyes. Beautifully made. Price, 25c.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

RARE POSTAGE STAMPS.



Our packages are the best, as each contains at least 2 rare ones, worth the price of the whole lot. Start a collection. In time it will grow very valuable. Every known variety of foreign and domestic stamps in these packages. Fifty varieties for 5 cents; one hundred, 10 cents; two hundred, 20 cents; three hundred, 35 cents; five hundred, \$1.25; one thousand, \$3.25; two thousand, \$18.00; 1,000 mixed lot, 25 cents. All in good condition and worth twice the amount we ask.

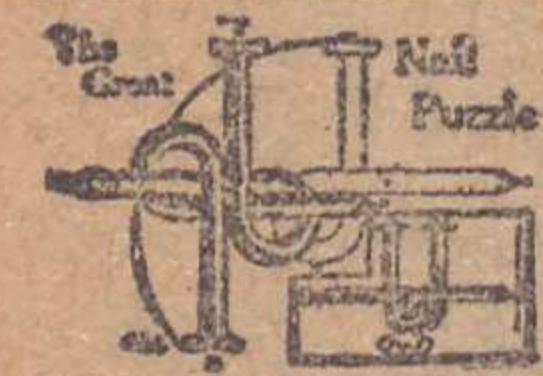
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickelled brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



NAIL PUZZLE.

Made of 2 metal nails linked together. Keeps folks guessing; easy to take them apart when you know how. Directions with every one.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.



It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOLS.



Made of nicely colored wood 5 1/2 inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the glance of any spectator. Price by mail, postpaid, small size, 25c. each; large size, 35c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



MAGIC PUZZLE KEYS.

Two keys interlocked in such a manner it seems impossible to separate them, but when learned it is easily done.

Price, 6c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE JUMPING FROG.



This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ALUMINUM DRINKING CUPS.



These handsome little cups are very handy in size, do not leak, and are Satin finished. When compressed, can be carried in the vest pocket. They hold a good quantity of liquid, and are very strong, light, yet durable. Price, 14c. each, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



SURPRISE PERFUME BOTTLE.

Those in the joke may freely smell the perfume in the bottle, but the uninitiated, on removing the cork will receive the contents in his hands. This is a simple and clever joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE MAGN CIGAR CASE.



A beautiful and perfect cigar case, made of imitation alligator and sealskin leather; worth a quarter as a cigar case alone. It can be shown full of cigars and instantly handed to a person,

who, upon opening it, finds only an empty case. The box has a secret spring and a double case, and can be operated only by one in the secret. Full printed instructions sent with each case. Every smoker should have one. Price, 20c.; 2 for 35c. by mail, postpaid; one dozen by express, \$1.50.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

NORWEGIAN MOUSE.



A very large gray mouse, measuring 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. The body of mouse is hollow. Place your first finger in his body, and then by moving your finger up and down, the mouse appears to be running up your sleeve. Enter a room where there are ladies, with the mouse running up your sleeve, and you will see a rapid scattering of the fair sex. Many practical jokes can be perpetrated with this small rodent.

Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

A NEW SQUIRT BADGE.



Great fun for the million! Wear it in your buttonhole and then press the bulb and watch the other fellow run.

Price, 14c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St. New York City.

THE ELK HEAD PUZZLE.



Just out, and one of the most fascinating puzzles on the market. The stunt is to separate the antlers and rejoin them. It looks easy, but try it and you will admit that it is without exception the best puzzle you have ever seen. You can't leave it alone. Made of silvered metal.

Price, 12c.; 3 for 30c., sent by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

MARBLE VASE.

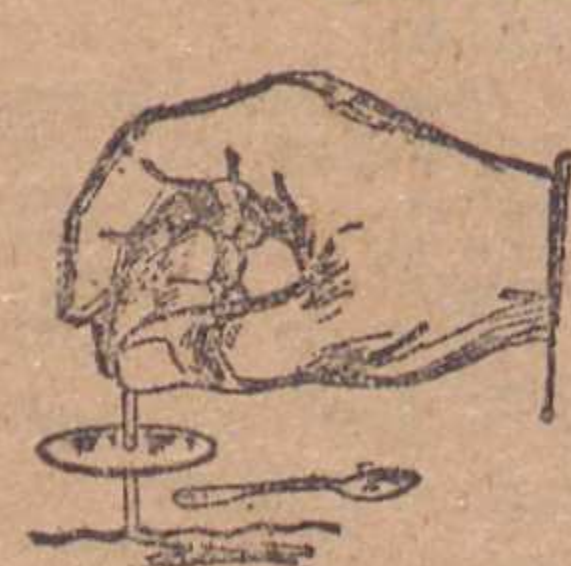


A clever and puzzling effect, easy to do; the apparatus can be minutely examined. Effect: A marble can be made to pass from the hand into the closed vase, which a moment before was shown empty. This is a beautiful enameled turned wood vase.

Price, 20c.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

THE MAGNETIC TOP.



A handsome metal, highly magnetized toy. A horseshoe and a spiral wire furnished with each top. When spun next to the wires, they make the most surprising movements. You can make wires of different shapes and get the most peculiar effects. Price, 5c., postpaid.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CROWN STYLO.



Made of aluminum, satin finish, guaranteed not to leak. This stylographic ink pencil is made on a new plan. It cannot corrode and will outlast and outclass any similar pencil on the market. It is a splendid writer, and is easily kept in order. Each one packed with a filler, and a clip to hold it in your vest pocket.

Price, 25c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RAPID CIGARETTE MAKER.



This little article should be in the pocket of every smoker. With it a perfect cigarette can be made in ten seconds. You will find them equal in appearance and far superior in quality to commercial ones, at less than a quarter of the cost. With our cigarette maker in your possession, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette at pleasure, as it's just as easy to roll a cigarette as to fill a pipe. Every part of the cigarette maker is handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 15c., or 3 for 40c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

LINK THE LINK PUZZLE.



The sensation of the day. Pronounced by all, the most baffling and scientific novelty out. Thousands have worked at it for hours without mastering it, still it can be done in two seconds by giving the links the proper twist, but unless you know how, the harder you twist them the tighter they grow. Price, 6c.; 3 for 15c.; one dozen, 50c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

WINDOW SMASHERS.



The greatest sensation, just from Paris. A most wonderful effect of a smashing, breaking, falling pane of glass. It will electrify everybody. When you come home, slam the door shut and at the same time throw the discs to the floor. Every pane of glass in the house will at once seem to have been shattered. Price, by mail, postpaid, 35c., a set of six plates.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.



A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These illiputian fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements

is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE PEG JUMPER.

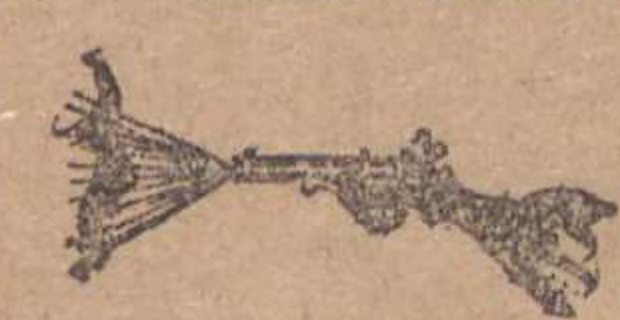


A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown.

Price by mail, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this 'gun' he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are 'loads of fun' in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.



Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.



A beautiful charm, to be worn on the watch chain. It consists of a true and perfect compass, to which is attached, by a pivot, a powerful magnifying glass. When not in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside the compass and is not seen. The compass is protected by a glass crystal, and is handsomely silver-nickel plated and burnished, presenting a very attractive appearance. Here you have a reliable compass, a powerful magnifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new. Price, 25c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.